The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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DRESS.

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Racing Intelligence. Constant reader making good income from inspired inside information will share; easy terms; proof submitted first.—Box 5023, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Gentleman's £13 13s. 1911 Model De Luxe, B.S.A., 3-speed gear Cycle, gear case, £4 15s.; leaving England. —Mr. Ronald McPherson, 28, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, London, N.

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Agents wanted to sell our teas. Good commission. Particulars free.—Elixir Tea Co., 12, Kenyon Road, Wigan.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's Advertisement, page 770.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advertisement on page 766.

MEDICAL, &c.

Moustache-Grower. Send me P.O. for 1s. and I will mail you the recipe of my wonderful moustache-grower, which will positively force a moustache within three weeks. Equally good for forcing new hair on the head.—Box 4669, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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Silver lever, worth 50s., accept 19s.—Apply H. Hill, 1, Argyle View, Leeds.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 768.

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COUPON for our 9th "CENTRES" COMPETITION

For particulars see page 764.

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The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

A lady recently claimed damages for breach of promise from a gentleman who signed himself playfully, "Old Tom." Her action is calculated to leave him decidedly unsweetened.

* * *

Remark heard in spiritualistic circles lately: "This sort of thing Iz'ard, isn't it?"

* * *

Even the most rabid non-smoker in the theatrical world feels that a little "puff" now and again is vital to his well-being.

* * *

A new Yiddish opera house has just been opened in Commercial Road, E. The chosen race have always shown a distinct taste for music—with an especial partiality for notes.

* * *

And if you don't pay a Jew—he invariably makes a song about it.

* * *

Since his little set-back in the House of Commons recently, triumphant and waggish Tories say they don't wonder that Mr. John Burns.

* * *

It is reported that the latest "slashed skirts" from Paris present a very striking appearance, being slit up the side well above the knee. Can't you hear ribald youthful spectators exclaiming, "Oh, scissors!"?

* * *

"Cold Homes," runs a daily paper headline, referring to one of the dire effects of the "Black Strike." A sad paradox that they are cold homes because they are *not* coaled homes, isn't it?

* * *

The flat-racing season starts again to-day (Monday). Appropriately enough, the flats are all going into training, by means of "Ruff's Guides," and so on; but there is little doubt that the sharps will be able to catch them as easily this year as ever.

* * *

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT: "No, Slangy Sophronia (Ball's Pond), the fact that "bike" is a popular contraction for "bicycle," provides no excuse for your calling your young man an icicle just because his name is Ike.

* * *

Calcutta Cup Note: The English Rugby team declare that as far as forward play was concerned, in Usher they distinctly met their "master."

* * *

A prominent music-hall describes itself as the place "Where Everybody Goes." I hope everybody has the decency to witness a *few* of the turns first, at any rate.

* * *

The Coliseum production, "The Crown of India," although a literary and musical masterpiece, cannot be described as a pearl without Price—because, of course, Nancy is in the cast, and playing splendidly, too.

J. S. Cox.

MAX'S POINT OF VIEW.

When Mr. Max Beerbohm was invited to succeed Mr. G. B. Shaw as dramatic critic of the "Saturday Review," the question of terms arose. The manager said they had been paying Shaw so much, but naturally Mr. Beerbohm would not expect so much.

"On the contrary," said Max, "I think I ought to get more. Shaw, you see, knows all about the drama, so it is no trouble to him to write about it, but I don't know anything about the stage, and so it will be hard work."

A SAT-UPON SUITOR.

Miss May Henderson, the only, or anyway the first, feminine music-hall artist to black her face, once had an amusing experience at Edinburgh.

After her turn she was told that a gentleman wished to see her, and presently there approached a man of colour.

He explained that he was a West African, a prince in his own country, and that he had fallen in love with her dusky face at first sight. Would she marry him and be his princess?

It was at this juncture that Miss Henderson's father appeared on the scene, anxious to know what the black gentleman wanted. May explained.

"What," shouted Mr. Henderson, in his best "heavy father" manner, "me daughter marry a black man! How dare you, sir, how dare you!" May slipped away while her father continued to read the Riot Act to the abashed suitor. Then Miss Henderson reappeared with her face—may one say her very pretty face?—its natural colour, and a very discomfited savage slunk out by the stage door.

BARCLAY GAMMON—LION TAMER.

In Australia Mr. Barclay Gammon, the well-known entertainer, was known as the "Lion Tamer."

The first time he appeared at Sydney some of the larrikins in the gallery were unable to see properly, and began making a disturbance as soon as he came on.

Gammon waited till there was a lull, and then said, cheerfully: "What's the matter? Don't you want to hear me?"—loud shouts of "Naow, naow, tike it away, tike it away" (the Sydney larrikin has a Cockney accent you could cut with a knife).

"Well, I'm very sorry, but I've got to give my entertainment. I'm paid for it. However, I'm in no hurry. I've got a year to spend in this country, and I am quite prepared to stay here till you do hear me. But wouldn't it be simpler to keep quiet and get it over? It won't take long, and then you can make as much noise as you like."

From one corner of the gallery came a voice: "Say, boys, is this chap a sport?"

And a voice answered: "Yes, he is, let's give him a chawnce."

Gammon eventually retired to an ovation, and the "Sydney Bulletin," commenting on the incident, christened him the "Lion Tamer."—Q. E. D.

COMMON-SENSE MUSKETRY TRAINING.

The soldier's musketry training is conducted on far more common-sense lines than formerly.

In the old days a soldier was not allowed to fire from the left shoulder; now he may do so, provided the sight of the right eye is defective.

Then he was compelled to fire in certain drill positions.

Thus if firing kneeling he had to sit on his heel, and to many men this attitude meant acute discomfort, which militated against good shooting.

Nowadays, in the kneeling position the soldier may kneel on either one or both knees, and he can please himself whether he gets down on to his heels or not.

Twenty years ago the idea of a man firing sitting was unheard of, but now recruits are taught the sitting position, which is the best when the ground slopes away steeply.

In the sitting position, if you have not tried it, the right shoulder should be kept well back and the left arm supported by the thigh.

The right elbow may rest against the right knee, or be left unsupported, as the firer desires.

Altogether Tommy's musketry training is conducted on more sensible lines than in the days of the Martini or early Lee-Metford, and vastly better results are obtained.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

COALS OF FIRE

By C. ASHLEY HUNT.

"Bond!"

At the abrupt call the confidential clerk looked up quickly from his ledger, to see the figure of the boss framed in the open doorway of his private room. Slowly he rose in his seat, pushed back the ponderous volume, and made his way across the main room in answer.

In that short walk a lightning change passed over the face of the clerk; a fleeting look leaped into his features like to that seen on the face of an animal at bay; for in the brief vision he had caught of the merchant he saw that which he had never seen before. But, as he closed the door behind him, the expression had vanished, and the customary suave serenity sat again in its place.

The boss silently motioned to a chair, while seating himself at the table opposite. At once he came to the point.

"I'm a bit upset. Something has happened that has not occurred before in all the years of my experience"—at the words taking a flimsy from the table near and rustling it between his fingers. "This cheque has been returned from the banker's. It's an open one for £50. The blamed idiot of a cashier cashed it first, then questioned it afterwards, and sent it on to me for verification. But"—scrutinising the flimsy—"it's a forgery. It's clever—the work of a clever scoundrel; but it's a forgery. I'll swear I never signed it. And the counterfoil——"

He stopped abruptly, and shot a quick, penetrating glance at the clerk.

There is a spice of the coward in most of us, and the coward in John Bond at that moment rose on top. To the shrewd expert opposite it instantly showed in the paling features, the twitch of the nether lip, and the flicker of the pulse over the left eye.

"Ha!" It was a long-drawn aspirate, with a world of meaning and an essence of expressiveness, piercing the tense silence like a dagger-thrust. One second the silence lasted. Then, suddenly rising, the merchant took a step forward, and looked down into the depths of the other's eyes with a look that bored and burnt his soul.

"So it's *you*. I was a bit suspicious; now I know. You!—a scum I raised from the gutter and placed on the ladder. You!—a reptile that's turned and fleshed your fangs in the hand that helped you up! You cur! You swine! But look here! You know me." (Aye, John Bond and all who had dealings with the merchant knew him to be a man of iron, inexorable, unbending). "You'll quit at once. I'll give you the chance just because you *are* a creature of my own making. But you'll clear within the week. If I find you in the district by Saturday I'll apply for a warrant. See?"

John Bond saw. Without a word of reply, either of justification or denial, he rose, stumbled from the room, took down his hat and coat and left the building.

* * * * * * *

The following evening the merchant was wending his way home, deep in thought over the events of the preceding day.

In his hand, according to invariable custom, he carried a small brief bag, containing valuable papers relating to business that he wished to take home rather than deposit in the safe, and odd gold and silver, with a stray bank-note or two.

As he approached a dark part of the road, still flogging his brains, two figures issued from the shadows and came towards him. One began, in the professional whine of the mendicant "Beg pardon, sir! But we've had nothing to eat all day, and wives and children at home starving; and——"

It was the old tale, and the merchant would have brushed them aside and gone on his way unheeding, but they stood directly in his path, and he had, perforce, to come to a halt. Suddenly the whine ceased. One of the twain bounded forward, and at the onslaught the merchant collapsed and flopped to the ground; the other snatched the brief bag, and then the two bolted, while the merchant slowly rose to his feet, realising that an impudent robbery had been planned and successfully carried out.

* * * * * * *

Next morning the merchant sat in his private office, with puckered brows, thinking how much or how little to tell the detectives he intended to summon, when a parcel was handed to him which had been brought to the building by one of the District Messenger lads.

For a moment he eyed it in uncertainty; then he cut the strings and opened it. The first glance told him that it was his stolen brief bag, but an open note faced him, and he read:

"Sir,—I was in the street last evening, making preparations for my departure from the town, when two men rushed past. One came straight at me, as though intending assault, and involuntarily my fist shot out. I am a bit of a boxer, and he dropped, while a bag he was carrying flew yards. Without waiting for a further dose or to recover his property, the man cleared, and I took the bag home. Imagine my surprise when, on opening it, I found it belonged to yourself. I have returned it as found.—Yrs., John Bond."

The merchant opened the bag and examined the contents. Not a coin was missing, not an envelope opened or a paper touched.

"Well!" broke from his lips as he surveyed the contents, "there ain't many of us white all through; there are streaks somewhere in most of us. Bond had his streaks; but—there's a decent bit of white, too, it seems. Looks like what they call 'heaping coals of fire.' Umph! I don't deal much in sentiment; but——"

The parenthesis was filled in by action. Sitting down, he scribbled a note, addressed it, and sent it to the post. That note brought the confidential clerk to the office the next morning, spick and span as in the former days. As he entered, the merchant called him to his room.

"We'll cry quits Bond, over that cheque. Those papers were worth a deal more than £50 to me, so we'll consider the matter cancelled, and you can resume—at the old terms"; and John Bond walked to the clerks' room, hung up his coat and hat, and took his seat at the old desk.

As he sat down a peculiar smile flitted across his face—a smile followed by a thought that coursed through his brain and that ran somewhat as follows:

"It was a bit risky, and it cost me five quid. But it was five quid well spent, and the men were satisfied. Now, then, Bond, my boy!—for the future, all on the straight!"—and the whitewashed clerk buried his head in the ledger as though he had a big chunk of lost time to make up.

THE SENSITIVE CHEEK-BONE.

For testing the smoothness of anything there is nothing like the cheek-bone, which is far more sensitive than the fingers or any other part of the body.

The billiard-ball turner, when the ball is considered finished, rubs it against his cheek-bone, and can thus detect a microscopic roughness which would be imperceptible to his digits.

DUTIES OF EXECUTORS.

It may fall to anyone's lot to find himself left the executor, or an executor of a deceased friend's will. Of course, a man making a will usually asks his friends whether they are willing to act as executors, but not always, and in this case it may be noted that nobody is obliged to act as executor.

The executor's first duty is to make the funeral arrangements, his next to draw up lists or schedules of the deceased's assets, debts, and property.

He must estimate the value of the personal and real property left, or have it valued.

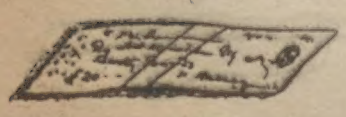
The executor must then take the will to the Probate Registry, Somerset House, or to the District Probate Registry, or to a solicitor, and have the will proved.

Next he must collect all debts due to the deceased and pay all debts due by him.

To prevent claims after the estate has been distributed, it is usual to advertise in the Press, stating that claims must be sent in before a certain date.

Finally, he must pay the legacy and succession duty and dispose of the estate as directed by the will.

Where there is more than one executor, it is not necessary that all should act—one is sufficient to prove the will.



PUGILISTIC PARS.

GOSSIP FROM THE ROPES AND STAKES.

Much publicity was given recently to the intense dissatisfaction felt by Young Nipper at the unfortunate series of mishaps which prevented his meeting the Dixie Kid at the Ring—mishaps, I should make it clear, to the Kid, not the Nipper. From the Press comments, one might have fancied that Young Nipper suspected there was a little more than accident in the Dixie Kid's misfortunes, and was "ramping and roaring" to get at the black boxer. Well, at last a bout was arranged at the Blackfriars Road hall—for last Monday night, to wit—and then what happens?

The eager Nipper did not appear, and the Dixie Kid boxed instead with Ted Lee, of Canning Town, whom he knocked out in the fourth round. Young Nipper was known to be in a fit condition to box—and the question remains, why did he not take the ring with the Dixie Kid?

Sid Burns has issued the following challenge to Georges Carpentier: To box 20 rounds for £100 a side, Carpentier to scale 11st. at 2 p.m., or 11st. 2lb. at the ring-side; and Burns engaging to scale 10st. 7lb. at 2 p.m. The match to take place either in Paris or at the National Sporting Club, London.

In view of the fact that Burns is said to suspect Carpentier of "funking" him, it will be interesting to watch the young Frenchman's action in the matter of this challenge.

Following on the ratification of a meeting between Poesy and Driscoll at the N.S.C. on the Monday night before the Derby, I hear that it is now practically settled that Charles Ledoux, the French bantam, who beat Bowker, will meet Digger Stanley for the bantam championship of the world during the City and Suburban week. This is good news for Stanley, who up to the present—at any rate, lately—has been as unlucky as he is game and clever.

Pedlar Palmer is to be seen once again at headquarters to-night (Monday), when he meets Private Walton, a very smart feather-weight, over a 10-rounds course.

"STRAIGHT-LEFT."

GUARDS' OFFICERS' COLLARS.

Guards' officers have the privilege of wearing turned collars when in khaki; that is, turned down coat-collars, whereas officers of other regiments wear stiff, stand-up coat-collars when in khaki, in addition sometimes to a linen "stick-up" collar.

In mess dress Guards' officers wear pumps or shoes in place of the patent leather Wellingtons, half Wellingtons or "Jemimas," obligatory on officers of other corps.

These distinctions are of no particular value, and are apt to make for jealousy.

FOOTBALL EDITIONS.

WHAT THE READER WANTS—AND DOESN'T.

The evening paper nowadays exists just as much by its football editions as by its sporting (or, in other words, racing) news. And in view of this fact, it may do no harm to point out what the average football reader wants.

He has probably not been able to see his home club play, so he wants to know the result and how the play ran. Thus he is rather irritated when he has to wade through half a column or so of the reporter's flowery phraseology before he learns the score. This ought to be put at the end—it is not possible for reasons too technical to explain to put it at the head—of the report; and the "fudge" or stop-press results ought to be split up in Leagues, &c. It is annoying to have to search a list comprising Rugby, Association, amateur, and pro. clubs, all higgledy-piggledy, to find the match one is looking for.

Another point: The average reader is a common-sense person, and he does *not* want to see some foolish cartoon representing two football clubs as human beings and with some absurd creature (a parrot, or a monkey, or a ragamuffin in his father's cut-down trousers) dispensing some sage criticism on the match the two have played.

A final word to the football reporter. Why cannot he write English?

"When we pick up our paper to see whether Mudville Mohicans have beaten Nastytown Nomads we don't want to be told the first scored a goal in such terms as "The Mohicans' vanguard manœuvred the spheroid well up the arena, discomfited the first line of defence, baffled the rear-guards, and, beating the custodian, McClosky sent the pellule hurtling into his citadel."

WEST-END WASTERS

STAGES OF THEIR DOWNWARD CAREER.

How the West-End waster lives he hardly knows himself; and it is certain that nobody else does, outside the slender circle of his most intimate friends, each of whom manages to exist in some very similar manner to his own.

He is well-dressed, is hardly ever quite without a shilling or two, which, by the way, he spends in such a style as to suggest considerable affluence, and in nine cases out of ten he is stamped with the hall-mark of a "gentleman."

But he is a waster, and he always will be. He knows it, too, and though he may sigh in secret now and again, he gives himself up as a strange psychological problem.

THE FAMILY BLACK SHEEP.

In all probability he went to a Public School, sent there by his father who had been there before him, and whose cherished idea was that the boy should afterwards go into the Army. And the boy grew up with that very widespread conviction that work, business, or trade was unthinkable, and that brains savoured of the bounder. He probably was pitchforked into the Service in that conviction, and stayed there till he found he could not live on his pay as his "Gov'nor" intended him to do, more or less. And very likely—this is usually the genesis of the West-End waster—he wrote out a big cheque that he knew he could not meet. So that neither the Service nor his "Gov'nor" had any further use for him.

CADGING FROM OLD FRIENDS.

Now he lives by making a round of the clubs and borrowing (he cannot, even now, bring himself to use the right word "beg") sovereigns, fivers, and perhaps even half-crowns, from the luckier acquaintances of his earlier days. It is from them, too, that he gets the well-made clothes he wears. He shudders to think what will happen when even these good friends grow tired of his cadging. If he would only turn to, and do some sort of work, and stick to it, however poorly paid it might be, there would be a chance for him; but he won't. No, he'll go on sponging till the sponge is dry, and then he'll probably be tempted to do another crooked action; and that will mean prison, more crooked actions, and more prison. . . .

There is a gorgeous bar not a hundred and fifty yards away from Piccadilly Circus. Its regular patrons are all well-dressed (the shirts and ties of one or two of them may not bear the closest scrutiny, but let that pass) and they all talk like cultured men. But—it is a well-known fact that there is not one in ten of them who has not "done time" at some period of his life.

PATHOS, POVERTY, AND PRIDE.

There is a well-known figure who may be met in the Haymarket. He will never be anything but a waster now, though only a year or so ago he held a most responsible post under Government in a British Colony. The sad story goes that his wife fell ill in England, and as leave was refused him to go to her, he threw up his post to do so. His wife died and he found himself broken and penniless.

He is not a strong-minded man, and after that he gave up trying. Now he haunts the West-End, living on his friends and also his undoubted skill with the cue. If you suggest that he should get a job, he flares up that he will not take a less important one than that which he lost, but he has gone too far down now to be offered such a one. He will never work again.

Another waster who is well known in the West-End is the cousin of a famous nobleman. This man, who did big things at the 'Varsity, both in scholarship and athletics, might easily get remunerative work—say, in the City or elsewhere. But no. He "can't stick the City." He lives by writing periodical piteous appeals to his cousin, and intermittently by selling harness, horse-cloths, etc., on commission to his wealthy acquaintances, on behalf of a well-known West-End firm.

H. C.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

AN AMATEUR POACHER

By CHARLES HEWSON.

Gerald Jameson sat on a stile in the bright sunshine of a September day overlooking his thousand-acre shoot, situated some three or four miles from the house in which he was staying on long leave from India with his widowed mother and some half-dozen from the borough town of Beegh.

It was what was known as a rough or mixed shoot, bounded upon one side by a river to which waterfowl resorted in winter, spreading over an undulating piece of country intersected by one occupation road leading to a lonely farmhouse with a couple of labourers' cottages in the vicinity, and about equally divided between arable and pasture-land, diversified by a succession of spinneys, small coverts, and one fair-sized wood.

It was the ideal shoot for a young man who liked to do his own keepering—to carry his own game-bag, and attended only by a good cocker spaniel to amuse himself in shooting for the larder once or twice a week, and on occasion to ask a couple of friends to join him and walk the birds up to shoot them over dogs.

During September the bag had been quite satisfactory—forty-five brace of partridges, over 150 rabbits, twenty-five pigeons, eight couple of snipe, a leash of leverets, a few mallard, a teal, and some water-hen having been duly entered in the modest game-book he kept.

On this thirtieth of September he looked out over the smiling landscape with pleasurable anticipations of the pheasant-shooting that was to commence on the morrow. He had invited the village doctor and a brother officer, also on leave in England, to join him; had driven to Beegh that morning to lay in a fresh stock of cartridges at White's, the gun-maker and licensed game-dealer; had laughingly declined the offer of that local worthy—town-councillor and mayor-elect of the little borough—to take his surplus pheasants at half a crown a head; and had noted that the burly, bulbous-nosed chief magistrate-to-be seemed none too pleased at his refusal.

Then he had driven back to lunch and walked over to Drewitt's Farm to bespeak the services of the labourer's elder boy as beater for the following day, supplementary to those of his mother's groom-gardener, who carried the game-bag on these occasions.

He had left his spaniels at home, not wishing to disturb the ground in any way; and was sitting alone on the stile, planning out the way in which on the morrow they would work the shoot so as to cover the better part of it and give his guests the best chance of sport.

The tints of early autumn contrasted in covert and wood with the vivid green of the meadows near the river, and beyond the faint, blue, wisp of smoke rising from the hollow which hid Drewitt's Farmhouse, and in the furthest distance the black-and-white patch of a team engaged in clearing some outlying land, there was no sign of human life in the scene. A kite hovered over the ricks on the hill behind him, a redbreast attuned a few tinkling notes in the garden of the labourer's cottage he had recently left. The scene was essentially peaceful and pastoral, and typically English.

Suddenly the sound of a gun-shot stung him into alertness. It was too far away for him to locate the spot where it had been fired, but certainly near enough to be well within the boundary of his own shoot. He knew it could not be Farmer Drewitt, for that yeoman was absent at Lullingham Market, a very late one. None of the labourers kept a gun; of that he had assured himself before renting a shooting so far from where he lived. He had heard of no gipsies being in the district, and they would hardly come poaching in broad daylight.

His eyes scanned the landscape curiously and narrowly, and were presently attracted by the flying out of some wood-pigeons from the big wood that sloped gently towards him across the vale. There a jay began to scold harshly from its oaky depths, and directly afterwards a right and left sounded unmistakably from the same direction.

"Stap my vitals!" exclaimed Gerald, who was a connoisseur of obsolete oaths, and rarely used a "damn" unless addressing himself to a lower order of intelligence. "Somebody's shooting in the wood!"

He pulled out the field-glasses, without which he never moved abroad in the country, and turned them on the blind parallelogram of still green trees. As a depression in the centre came into the field of vision, he saw a pheasant rise hurriedly into the air and the next minute tower and fall back among the foliage; and simultaneously came the echo of the discharge and the sharp bark of a dog.

"A murrain on it!" cried Jameson. "A poacher getting my pheasants!"

He dropped the glasses and measured the distance to the edge of the wood with his eye. His training as a soldier served him here.

"A quarter of a mile to the stile at the bottom of the wood and all down hill. I can do it in a minute and a half, and keep in the shelter of the double all the way."

He was running hard beside the sheltering hedge-row, and two minutes later stood quietly in the cover of a hazel bush on the field side of the stile leading into the cover. Two more shots followed each other in quick succession. Then he heard the pattering of a dog's paws among the fallen leaves, a man's footsteps cracking a twig, as they approached, a rustle as of a pheasant running, and then the ever-startling sound of the rise as a hen-bird came over the screen of hawthorn close beside him.

Another report, and the bird went away towards the river, obviously hit, with a leg down, never to rise again once she should drop.

"Hens, too," commented Gerald, now comparatively unexcited. "What have I done to deserve this?"

He recognised without identifying a voice say, "Go seek, then"; and a brown, half-spaniel, half-retriever bounced over the stile and sped across the meadow after the wounded bird.

Then a gun was thrust carefully, muzzle upward, through the high bars of the stile leaning against it within arms-reach of Jameson as he stood screened from view by the hazel branches.

Next a leg appeared clad in a brown trouser, the boot pointing towards the wood. Its owner was evidently coming over with his back towards the waiting sportsman. He stooped swiftly and, as the second leg came over the topmost bar, seized the first by the ankle with both hands and flung the poacher heavily on his back upon the sward.

Gerald turned to confront the man, who, half stunned, lay still, rolling two astonished black eyes—on either side a bulbous nose—upon his assailant. Five dead pheasants—three cocks and two hens—their necks thrust between the buttons of a game-bag, were spread around his bulky form stretched on the ground.

"Gadzooks! Mr. White, of all people," said Jameson aloud, but very quietly, a grim smile twitching his brown-skinned face. "Does the mayoralty of Beegh include the right of shooting other people's pheasants—in September, may I ask?" he inquired politely.

The mayor-elect had turned a shade paler, when he saw who was standing over him. He wriggled himself into a sitting posture, and began to feel his limbs and ribs and back as though in search of broken bones. But Gerald noticed that his eyes were roving furtively around, as though seeking a chance of escape.

He picked up the poacher's gun, opened it, and saw that the left barrel contained an undischarged cartridge, snapped to the breech, and confronted the man composedly.

"Anything to say for yourself, Mr. Mayor-Elect?" he inquired.

The tradesman groaned.

"This the way you treat all your customers?" continued his captor, mercilessly, thinking of the cheque for £4 10s. he had paid him that morning.

Another groan, as the brown mongrel came up with the wounded hen pheasant still alive in its mouth.

"Wring the bird's neck and put it in with the others," commanded Jameson, and the game-dealer obeyed.

"You are the man that would fine me if I hadn't taken out a game-licence, I suppose. The man who next month would be sending poor tramps to gaol for stealing penny turnips, if I hadn't caught you; and having schoolboys birched for robbing orchards. You're a nice specimen to

be a magistrate! You want six months in gaol yourself—and you shall have it."

Then the gun-maker found his tongue. He struggled to his knees, grovelled, begged, implored, all the time wondering whether his captor had heard that he had been caught at the same game once before, that the county magistrates knew it, and that if brought before them he would certainly this time get imprisonment without the option of a fine.

Gerald listened in silence. Then he gave his decision in quiet, level tones.

"Well, if you don't want to go to prison you'll have to do what I tell you."

"Anything you say, sir; anything, Mr. Jameson. I'll do anything you tell me."

"Well, in the first place, then, I shall keep this gun, and I shall shoot your dog, of course."

"Anything you like, sir," said the tradesman, with alacrity.

"Then, you must take off that game-bag and leave it there with my birds."

"Certainly, sir," agreed the mayor-elect, hastily unfastening the sling.

"Then you will to-night write and decline the honour of becoming Mayor of Beegh, and resign from the Borough Council at the same time. You'll have to do it when you go to gaol," he added, as the gun-maker showed slight signs of protesting. "Also, you'll have to give up dealing in game. One poacher makes many—when he's a game-dealer."

"You'll ruin me, Mr. Jameson."

"I hope so," replied Gerald, cheerfully; "but you'll still be able to sell guns and cartridges, and eat any game you like to buy instead of skilly."

The mayor-elect winced at the word.

"Now, let me see," continued Jameson. "What pledge have I that you will carry out your promise?"

"My word, sir," . . . began the poacher.

"Your word is worth nothing to me. No; I must be able to prove you were poaching, if I find you don't do as I have told you you must. I have your gun and your cartridges, and the birds, and the dog; I must have your cap, too," he said, picking it up from the ground where it had fallen and putting it in his pocket. "Yes, and I think your boots. I shall be able to compare them with your foot-prints in the wood. Take them off, please."

With another groan the mayor-elect complied. Meanwhile Gerald passed the sling of the game-bag through the mongrel's collar and fastened him to the stile.

"Now, you can get up and go, Mr. Ex-Mayor Elect," said the younger man, "and be smart in getting off my shooting if you don't want to be peppered as you run."

Without even a thought for his condemned dog, who, after all, had but done its master's bidding, the tradesman stumbled hurriedly away in his stockinged feet, but Gerald had more mercy on the mystified beast—mongrel though it was—and reprieved it.

* * * * * *

It was late that night when Constable Turpin met—and saluted—the hatless figure of the mayor-elect, bare and bleeding-footed, sneaking up the High Street towards his shop; and the constable was the only man in Beegh who was not surprised at the sudden retirement of Mr. G. White from public life and the business of game-dealing.

HAND GRENADES IN THE ARMY.

It is little known that our Army is armed with hand grenades, or, at least, hand grenades are issued for use in war.

They contain a charge of lyddite, and are hurled by means of a cane handle, their flight being steadied by a sort of tail attached to the body.

The instructions for use state that "The grenade should be thrown well upwards at not less than an angle of 35 degrees." This, besides assisting in increasing the range to which the grenade can be thrown, renders its action more absolutely certain by causing it to strike the ground nearly vertically. This is especially important when throwing with a following wind."

Hand grenades were freely used in the siege of Port Arthur, but it will be news to many that they form part of our military equipment.

HORSES AND COMMONSENSE

THEIR FOIBLES MUST BE STUDIED.

Commonsense ought to be one of the faculties of a successful horsemaster, but in very many cases it is entirely wanting. The management of their horses often shows this at first sight.

First, as regards their feeding, or rather the manner in which their food is put before them. The hay is ofttimes bundled into a rack high above the horse's head, as though it were a giraffe, while its grain is placed in a manger. Neither is in accordance with the dictates of nature, and, that being the case, the horse does not derive the full benefit from its victuals.

In India we are wiser than our horsemasters of Europe, for we place their fodder on the ground and their grain in boxes, also on the ground. Large, spacious-bottomed boxes, too, to prevent them from bolting their food.

NOT ILL, BUT THIRSTY.

Again, how often do we find a horse described as "off its feed," when in reality it is probably dying of thirst, but it is not allowed to drink. The ignorant horsemaster, not knowing a horse's idiosyncrasies in the matter of drinking, very frequently takes away the pail of water before the beast has had a chance.

Some horses don't like very cold water in winter, and it is not over-good for them either. Better give the first drink of the day from a pail which has stood in the stable during the night.

Many horses, again, will not drink their fill from a pail; others will not look at a running stream. But often their tastes are not considered, and then they cannot eat their grub, and consequently they fall out of condition. In India it is the usual custom to leave a pail of water always in the stall so that the animal can drink at its leisure, and this prevents it from blowing itself out when the watering hour comes along.

LEFT FODDER.

One very bad point about racks and mangers is that they are often not cleaned out. A horse is very fastidious where its food is concerned, and will not enjoy the feed which is put into a dirty manger or fodder which is mixed with stale remains of a previous meal. They smell the breath which taints it, and very often where fresh hay is stuffed in on top of stale fodder in the rack the horse will not look at it. But clear out the rack and scrub it with soda, soap, and water, and the result will be far different.

The Indian syce is generally well aware of this, but in many cases the horse's leanness means a bulge in the groom's pockets. He knows that if he puts down a goodly heap of fodder in the first instance the horse will not be able to eat it all at once, through perhaps it having to be taken away for duty, and that if he adds just a little on top it will taint the whole. If his master comes along and notices a deficiency of hay before his pony, the wily syce throws more on the top, and perhaps complains that the pony will not eat. But the curious part is that the amount consumed in the month is precisely the same always.

ORDEAL BY SOAP AND WATER.

If the "sahib" knows his job, he will order the syce to clear away, and scour the utensils in his presence, and will then place fresh, sweet fodder therein. If the animal then goes for it, the syce is sacked. This is the ordeal by soap and water, and a sound one.

I have frequently found a line of horses standing in front of their mangers with them full of stuff, or in front of a heap of fodder with their heads in the air. Fresh fodder is called for, and the animals have tried to snatch some as the syces bear it past them, but as soon as it has been laid on the stale stuff, and perhaps mixed a very little, the horses have just snuffed at it, and then turned their heads up again and would have nothing more to do with it.

C. W. ANNESLEY.

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

11.—A MOTOR BICYCLE ON THE NOD.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men and women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

The man had made a straight bid for his knighthood and got it. Everybody knew that each letter of the "Sir" that now preceded "Reuben Fulleybrook" had cost him ten thousand; but as he had seen fit to offer the price and his Party had made no bones about accepting it, the talk about the transaction's being a "job" and a "scandal" was all nonsense and hypocrisy. The Party on the other side of the House would have done just the same if they had had the same chance.

A BRAND-NEW SQUIRE.

As for the business in which Sir Reuben had made his pile—and what an Alps of a pile it was!—one trade is as good as another when the profits are as large, and better when they are larger. And, anyway, he'd cut trade now altogether, and settled down to play the part of a country squire, a county magnate.

The place he'd bought was known locally as the Park, and nothing but the Park; and as owner of the Park he owned a part of the nice little town of Parkhampton, and some of the farms in its immediate neighbourhood.

On one of these farms I was rusticating after an illness that the doctors had said would settle me next time, and I soon heard enough of Sir Reuben Fulleybrook to take, I thought, the measure of his ignorance and pomposity. Inter alia, I learnt that he had sent his son and heir, whose twenty-first birthday was approaching, to Oxford; and had adopted as his very own a faked-up coat-of-arms.

LOOKING FOR LOOT.

A week or two of the boredom of bucolic life was all I could stand. I must get back to town before long, whatever might be the consequences. I would rather be snuffed out in London than continue to hide my light under a bushel in the country. But naturally I should like to take something back with me. But, again—in the circumstances the one "but" followed the other with the sequence of inevitability—what was there of which I could possess myself in a place like Parkhampton? I decided that I would return with, and on, a nice, new motor-bicycle, of the best and most approved make.

This "revelation" is the story of how I got it. In a leisurely way, it was a very pleasing, amusing little experiment. The town was rather proud of its shops, which were really not bad. In the trade I wanted to patronise there were three, the largest and apparently the best-stocked being that kept by one Julian Orland—who bowed to me with rural deference as I presented myself one morning at his show-rooms, as he called them.

THE NEW SECRETARY.

"Mr. Orland?"

"Yes, sir. What can I . . ."

"I've called to see you about a little matter for Sir Reuben Fulleybrook," I explained—and the name of the great man acted like magic. The cycle dealer smiled from ear to ear. I reflected that I'd never "had" one of his trade before.

"Sir Reuben? Oh, indeed, sir—most proud. I'm sure. What may I have the pleasure . . ."

"Yes," I interrupted, "I'm Sir Reuben's new secretary—his private secretary, you know . . ."

"Quite so, sir."

"And he's entrusted me with the choice of a motor-bike that he's going to make a present of to his son."

I was really obliged to cut short the cackle of the delighted Julian, who obviously scented a splendid deal, but who, as I expected, had "nothing suitable in stock at the moment." If I would honour him with particulars of exactly what was wanted, he would have the very thing down for my inspection and approval in a couple of days.

I let him know at once, however, that he would have to do more. Although, of course, price was no object, the machine was. No thing would do that fell short of the tip-top of perfection. There were many makes on the market. I enumerated half a dozen of the leading ones. Then I reluctantly brought the number down to four. If he wanted the order he must give me the opportunity of comparing at least four specimens of different types.

No insistence was needed, for, of course, no objection was raised. With profuse thanks, if I would be so good as to make it convenient to call . . . let him see, today was Tuesday . . . should we say about the end of the week? . . . The four motor-bicycles should be there. And there they were, right enough, when I went to look at them on the following Saturday.

PICK OF THE BUNCH.

I didn't hesitate for five minutes. The best was always good enough for me—and the best in this case was a beauty at eighty-five guineas. My choice of it was really made almost at first sight, but I wasn't rash enough to take it for granted that Orland would be such a fool as to allow me to ride off with it without any more to do.

Up to this point, not a suspicion had entered his head, but when it came to parting with eighty-five guineas' worth without the production of some sort of credentials on my side or the making of a few inquiries on his side, there could surely be little doubt but that he'd begin to shy. He naturally suggest sending it up to The Park, unridden.

I pretended to be undecided as to my preference, and said at last: "I tell you what, Orland, I think I shall try to get Sir Reuben to choose for himself—that would be more satisfactory."

"He very seldom comes into the town, sir."

THRUST AND PARRY.

"I know that, or I shouldn't have to drive, ride, or walk the six miles myself so often. But he's really interested about this business—as he is, you know, about anything that concerns his son; and I may be able to get him to come down with me to see you himself."

"I'll take them all up to him at The Park, sir, if you like. They can be driven up in the cases they arrived in."

This reasonable offer was unwelcome and unexpected, and had to be refused, on some reasonable ground, at once and decisively. I invented a quick and plausible objection.

"No, that would never do, for young Mr. Conrad Fulleybrook is expected home any day, and this present is to be kept back as a birthday surprise. You must just leave things to me. If Sir Reuben won't do as I shall ask him, I shall make a 'full, true, and particular' report to him and let you know his decision. Of course, we shall take one of the four, the only question is which one it's to be, and as to that, a day or two won't make any difference to you. I shall not suggest to Sir Reuben the usual discount off list prices, Orland."

BOTH PLEASED.

With this, I sauntered off, leaving Mr. Julian Orland as satisfied and contented a mood as my own was—he sure of a transaction with an extra profit hanging to it, and sure of a transaction with, for me, nothing but profit hanging to it.

My next move was to interview the Knight of The Park—a detail of vital importance to which I attended without delay, but also without haste. I decided that Monday morning would be opportune for my call, and on Monday morning I made it. With less difficulty and fewer formalities than I had anticipated and prepared for, I gained admission into the red and rotund presence of the man who had to be let me get my motor-bicycle.

Sir Reuben had learnt the trick of letting the other chap speak first. Most men of his class hurry to be in front in tongue-wagging, as at everything else, but he knew better. The points of the manner of his reception and of his personal demeanour had, I could perceive, been studied, but they had been studied from a good model. Although a little stagy and just a trifle overdone, they were correct.

With almost the slight possible inclination of his head in acknowledgment of my existence, as evidenced by my standing in front of him, bowing, he waited for me to address him. Instinctively and instantaneously, I felt that Sir Reuben Fulleybrook was not quite the man I had mistaken him for—he'd have to be handled with some *finesse*.

Vain and conceited I saw him to be, uneducated I knew him to be; but he had his wits about him—he was "all there." It is often a fatal error of judgment to assume that a man is a fool, simply and only because he is egotistical, puffed-up, and wise in his own conceit. To put it with more subtlety, a man isn't necessarily a born fool because he makes a fool of himself on occasion.

"Sir Reuben," I began, "you do not know my name, and will not be interested when I mention that I am Richard Alcroft. I am only a humble reporter on the local Press, Sir Reuben."

I had scored my first point. "The Press" fetched him. I thought it would. He told me to take a seat.

"Yes?"

"Perhaps you will be more disposed to forgive this intrusion when I explain that I do not approach you on my own behalf, Sir Reuben; but as the spokesman of a committee of the townspeople and your tenants."

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

"What do they want now?" he asked suspiciously.

"It is in connection with your son," I replied, affecting a little nervousness.

"My son?"

"Yes, sir. He is about to come of age, and it is assumed that such an event—in the life of your son, Sir Reuben—will be made the occasion of fitting festivity and natural rejoicings. In any such celebrations, your tenants and dependants desire to show their loyalty to you and to your family by making, with your permission, a little presentation to Mr. Conrad Fulleybrook." I hesitated—on purpose.

"Go on, Mr. Alcroft, go on."

"Well, Sir Reuben, to put it bluntly, may a representative body of us come up to The Park on the great day to make the presentation in the name of all of us?"

"My dear Mr. Alcroft," said the Knight, grandiloquently, but affably, "before the approaching day of which you speak arrives, everybody will receive my invitation to come here, so nobody need ask for permission beforehand—but, of course, I quite understand the feelings of the people you represent."

TOUCHING THE VANITY BUMP.

I thought he would ask me what form the presentation was to take, but he didn't. So I had to tell him.

"We have not been able to subscribe much, sir," I volunteered, "but what we could afford to club together we have spent in the town. We have bought a motor-bicycle from Mr. Julian Orland, in Foregate Street."

"Capital," said Sir Reuben; but he didn't say any more, and I was smitten with the sure and certain conviction that to act on my original idea of asking him to make his own choice of a machine—simply that Orland might see that he was my principal, and that when I called for the purchase it would be all right—would be to make the bloomiest of bloomers. The suggestion would be scouted and resented.

But I had another card up my sleeve, and played it. I said we wanted to engrave the armorial bearings of the family on the machine. It was my own idea. I hoped Sir Reuben would not think the worse of it in consequence. There were two difficulties in the way of its realisation, which only Sir Reuben himself could remove.

WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS.

In the first place, a copy of the coat of arms was wanted in facsimile. Secondly, Mr. Orland firmly refused to take such a liberty as to have the bearings engraved without the written permission of the head of the family that was entitled to display them. I was sure that Sir Reuben could not but respect the man's feelings. If Sir Reuben approved of the idea—or rather if he would graciously sanction it—just the briefest note that he would permit me to take to Mr. Orland.

It was all right. I left with an emblazoned copy of that brand-new cock-eyed coat of arms in my pocket, and written instructions for its reproduction in miniature on the "motor-bicycle which Sir Reuben Fulleybrook understands has been selected by Mr. Alcroft." The note was practically dictated by myself, which accounts for its being what, and all, I wanted.

To Julian Orland it was, with all it implied, as far above question as Holy Writ. Before finally clinching, "in the name and on behalf of" its writer, the bargain with which it was associated, I stipulated for a trial run—from which I never returned.

[Another of these revelations will appear next week.—
EDITOR.]

METHODS FOR DEALING WITH IT.

Some breeds of dogs are prone to viciousness. The collie, for example, for all his wonderful intelligence, or, perhaps, because of it, is often uncertain in his temper and an unsafe playmate for children. Most of the toy terriers are snappish and yappish. This, however, is not so much the fault of the poor little devils as of their unnatural growth or want of it. They are freaks, and therefore it is not surprising that their temper should be freakish.

The average dog, however, like the average man, starts with a clean sheet at birth, and is not predestined to turn out badly.

Man has free will, and, while making every allowance for the effects of evil associations or environment, if he become a wrong 'un it is usually his own fault. A man's dog, on the other hand, is generally a reflection of his owner.

COUNTER IRRITATION.

Of course, the dog may have been made vicious before his latest owner acquired him, and that is one drawback of buying a grown dog—his character may have been formed for ill.

Still, even in an adult dog there are few forms of vice that cannot be eradicated by proper treatment. This in nine cases out of ten means castigation.

There is practically only one exception to the rule of the stick or whip for the recalcitrant dog, and that is in the case of the dog who is uncleanly about the house.

Castigation, as a rule, serves only to confirm him in his dirty habits.

If you have had a dog from puppyhood and he is unclean in the house then, sir, the disgrace is on you, not the dog. It means that you have not taken or let him out of doors at regular intervals, or that you have fed him irregularly or improperly.

A dog is naturally clean, and it is only negligence on the part of his master that makes him otherwise.

TOO OLD TO CURE.

If you buy a grown and dirty dog, I fear you must put up with the disagreeable fact that you have been had, for a cure is rarely possible.

In the case of a puppy, rebuke him sternly, but not physically, and persevere with turning him out regularly.

The kennel dog that bays the moon is a confounded nuisance to yourself and everybody else. Here again, probably you are at fault.

Want of proper exercise, injudicious feeding, a neglected kennel are the usual causes of making a dog wakeful and noisy at night.

If you are satisfied you are not to blame in these respects, get a vet. to run the rule over him, for he may be suffering from some disease.

If the vet. gives him a clean bill of health, then the next time he tunes up open the window or door and listen to see whether any nocturnal disturbance is giving him fair cause for unrest. If not, then punish him, and do not spare the rod.

A good thrashing is also the best cure for the quarrelsome dog who goes about spoiling for a fight.

JUMPING UP.

Great annoyance is caused by the dog who persists in jumping up on people. Here, as before, bad training in puppyhood was the first cause. Train your puppy by verbal correction never to jump up on your knee without permission and he will treat your friends with equal respect.

Sharp and immediate punishment is the only treatment for the dog who barks or snarls at strangers without provocation or reasonable cause. Even a lover of dogs does not like when paying a visit to be assailed by a snarling, yapping dog the moment the door is opened. If he is a wise man he will avoid the owner of such a dog as a person of inconsiderate and even undesirable character.

A. T. LOW.

TACTICS FOR RUGBY FORWARDS.

The team that possesses a set of forwards who consistently "carry the scrum" always bids fair to take first place among clubs of its own class, and thus we see the importance to Rugger forwards of being good in the scrum. Here, then, are some points which make for good form in that department of the game.

Nowadays, the scrummager is far more of a tactician than he was in the old shoving times. He breaks up quickly, after quick and tricky wheeling or heeling play. In fact, the usual sequel to every modern scrummage is to find the leather in the hands of the scrum half on one side or the other.

In the old days, on the other hand, the scrum would very often not break up at all before the ball was out. The stalwarts would continue shoving and panting for several seconds after it had trickled from them, and even then they would only stop on hearing frenzied shouts of "the ball's away!"

WASTING STRENGTH.

The type of forward who simply does what a famous International described as "getting in the middle and cuddling down there until they let you out," undeniably wastes a lot of strength and time. He is like the careless groom, who was very particular about locking the stable-door after the horse had been stolen.

The first thing to remember is to get into the scrum as quickly as possible, so as to be in a position to shove as soon as the ball is put in. It is a good axiom at Rugby that the side which has three men packed first with their heads well down, has got that scrum half won before the ball is in, granted, of course, that those men know how to "work" the ball, manœuvring it between them, and artfully contriving to retain their control over it when the scrum is being screwed, or when the other men on their side are yielding at all.

TACTICS OF AN ADEPT.

It is such men as these who can sometimes let the other men stream right past them without losing the ball.

Thomson, the famous Halifax player, was an adept at this, and many was the time when the scrum would scatter past him, taking with it most of the other forwards on his side, and when to the surprise of everybody, Thomson would be seen well up the field, dashing along with the ball at his feet.

A trick which used to be done very often and is even now seen practised by forwards who are not too scrupulous, is for one of the scrummagers to get the ball between his feet, hold it tightly and rely upon his fellow-forwards to shove him through with it. What is generally done in such a case is for the opposing men to kick that ball as hard as possible, and it is remarkable how shocking badly they aim sometimes.

They have an astonishing knack of hacking the ankles that grip the ball instead of the ball itself, and that clever player soon drops it.

TO LINK OR NOT TO LINK.

It is one of the characteristics of modern scrummaging that the men on each side should link arms; but, although the principle certainly makes for greater "cohesion," it admits of question whether it pays better than the non-linking policy, which is adopted by comparatively few clubs nowadays.

At any rate, try heaving at any heavy body—say, a bedstead or a cart that has got stuck in the mud. First do it with your arms stretched out on each side of you, and then with them folded against your chest, and compare the proportion of power you are able to get into your shove in each case.

In the latter you will shove with pounds more force; and the same holds in the scrum.

F. PETTIGREW.

MY NOTEBOOK.

LOCAL COLOUR.

Mr. Charles Hewson—one of whose short stories, "An Amateur Poacher," we publish this week—has just been telling me an amusing episode in connection with another of his tales, "The White Hare," which recently appeared in our pages.

It will be remembered that the setting of that story was in Cornwall. Mr. Hewson happened to be staying in a small country village, and learned that the landlord of the one and only respectable-sized hotel was a Cornishman. Consequently he gave him a copy of the paper containing "The White Hare" to read, and, a couple of days afterwards, he asked his opinion. I ought to say here that the landlord had no idea of Mr. Hewson's name, nor of the fact that he was the author of this story.

His opinion was both flattering and extraordinary.

"Every line of that story was true," he said. "Well I remember the Rose Vale Harriers, and Mr. Archibald Dacres and old Zachary, the huntsman. Many is the day I have hunted with that pack. It was true in every line, sir—true in every line!"

Mr. Hewson gravely assured him that he was certain the author would be flattered if he could but hear the compliment, and with that they passed on to other topics.

As a matter of fact, the story was purely fictional. The incident was an imaginary one, and none of the characters depicted had any existence in fact, although the setting of the circumstances was, of course, true to life.

Good fiction has been called the highest form of truth, because it is general and not merely particular truth, but to this landlord it had become veritable history.

Those who have enjoyed Mr. Hewson's short stories in our pages will be interested to know that Mr. Eveleigh Nash has just published a first-rate hunting novel by him, entitled "Scarlet and Blue."

THE LETTER BASKET.

One of the difficulties with which an editor has to contend is the fact that even regular readers do not peruse every line of their favourite paper. We may print a definite statement one week, and in the course of the next receive several inquiries regarding that very matter.

For example, we have twice recently said in our "Brief Replies" column that tickets for the Calcutta Derby Sweepstake can be obtained only through members of the Calcutta Club, and if you do not know a member of that club you cannot get a ticket. They were at one time on sale in this country, but that has stopped. In spite of our having made this statement, however, we still receive many inquiries as to how tickets in this sweepstake can be obtained.

Another stock inquiry is: "How can I get a job as steward on a liner?" and the stock reply is: "Such positions are very difficult to obtain, and require influence in most cases. Communicate with the various shipping companies."

Another stock inquiry runs after this fashion: "Are the prospects for a chartered accountant good in Canada?" and the stock reply is: "Write to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, The Broadway, Westminster."

AN IRRESPONSIBLE SUB.

The queries which I have mentioned, and many others, have been dealt with over and over again in the paper, but they have not been noted by the correspondents when they appeared. Personally, I am very conscientious in the matter of replying to letters, and always give the best advice in my power, but such trouble is not taken in every editorial office.

I remember, for example, when I was a youngster and sub-editor of a very well-known weekly paper, another sub was entrusted with answering all inquiries from readers. If he happened to know what they wanted, he gave it to them; but if he did not, his stock answer was: "Dear Sir,—We regret to say that we do not know whether the Monument or the Nelson column is the higher."

People who wrote for the editorial opinion upon hair-washes, horse-races, Socialism, and the binomial theorem all received the same reply. Doubtless they worried a good deal as to the feelings of the other imaginary correspondent who had got the letter intended for them, but their worries were not shared by the irresponsible sub in question.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

WHY SETHWELL KEPT HIS TEMPER.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

"Sethwell," said Bleyres, "you're a despicable cad."

He said it in cold, penetrating accents which cut like a knife through the murmur of voices in the club smoke-room.

Sethwell was indolently contorted in an armchair, hugging one boot, which rested across his thigh. He was a man of about forty, but looked younger. He was somewhat over-bright about the eyes. His cheeks were flushed. He had evidently been drinking.

It was getting on for two o'clock in the afternoon. The younger members of the club still hung about in numbers. Bleyres had just come in, and, singling out Sethwell, had walked over to his chair with a sort of fore-studied deliberation and delivered himself of the aforesaid insult.

The words attracted universal attention.

"I beg your pardon?" said Sethwell, with rising upper-lids.

"I repeat that you're a cad, Sethwell. You needn't pretend you did not hear."

"I thought you'd perhaps made a mistake in whom you were addressing."

"I was addressing *you*. I mean you. Do you want me to say it for the third time?"

"Not at all necessary. I thoroughly grasp it now." Sethwell lifted up his foot and, higher and crabbedly, it stayed. He betrayed no rufflement of temper. "Now come and sit down and have a drink. There's no need to fall out about a trifle like that."

"So you call it a trifle, do you? Well, I ought not to be surprised. Any decent man would ask for an explanation or an apology. *You* don't. Therefore the inference is unanswerable."

"Quite," agreed Sethwell, amiably. "Your legal training stands you in good stead, Bleyres. Have a cigarette." Imperturbably he offered him his case.

"Damn your cigarettes," said Bleyres, not in anger, but coldly and contemptuously. He had himself well in hand. "I don't want anything of yours, Sethwell. I don't want anything from you, except a clear understanding of the real opinion I have of you."

"That," said Sethwell, "you have succeeded in conveying."

He reached out a languid hand for his glass, sucked down the drink, replaced the glass, and selecting a cigarette, eyed Bleyres critically as he lit it.

Just then a long-legged fellow-member strolled up. He leaned his back against the table, looking from one to the other, then casually took a cigarette from the open case which Sethwell was still holding. It was a delicate reproof, which Bleyres was not slow in perceiving.

"Ah, Sethwell was always one of your tin gods," he said, sarcastically. "You'll arrive at a better appreciation of men when you're a bit older, Saltey."

"Thanks," drawled the long-legged Saltey. "What's the rumpus?" he asked, turning towards the other.

"Can't tell you," replied Sethwell, nonchalantly. "The reasonable supposition is that Bleyres is spoiling for a row. I've had the same impulses myself. It's no doubt capable of scientific explanation. Blood-heat, or something of the kind."

"That," he said, "expresses my regard for you."

"Sethwell," went on Bleyres, cuttingly, "you're a coward as well."

"There you are," said Sethwell, waving a demonstrating hand. "My dear Bleyres," he went on, "I've been a coward from my birth. It's a matter of not having full control of my faculties at moments of crisis and emergency. I never think of the course I should rightly have pursued or the effective retorts I could have made until long after the opportunity has gone by. Why don't you forgive me for a deficiency I cannot help?"

"You're hoping, by keeping up an appearance of good temper, to make my accusations seem nothing but vulgar abuse. But I'm not to be out-manœuvred like that. Nor put down. Nor made to look a fool."

"Quite so, my dear fellow."

Bleyres turned, with a white face, to the other members in the room.

"I must explain to you," he said, "exactly what type of a cad Sethwell is."

There were vague murmurs in response. Someone from the end of the room remonstrated: "Oh, shut it, you two! Go home and go to bed." Another man said: "Don't be a pair of silly asses!"

But Bleyres continued.

"Last night I met Sethwell at the house of one of my friends."

"Don't mention names," interposed Sethwell, quietly.

"It is hardly from you," retorted Bleyres, at white heat, "that I should take any lesson in delicacy. To-night, at the house of my fiancée——"

Sethwell made a gesture and stretched out a hand for his glass. He found that it was empty.

"Ja-a-mes," he bawled. "Bring me a whisky-and-soda."

"I can only account for it," supplemented Bleyres, "by the fact that Sethwell had been drinking."

"Excellently delivered," agreed Sethwell. "Why don't you make allowances accordingly?"

Bleyres swung upon him like a flash.

"Is that your apology?" he asked.

Sethwell stared at him and momentarily hesitated. Then—"No, by gad!" he said, "I apologise to no man."

"Then let me go on. Last night, at the house of my fiancée, Sethwell disgraced himself by behaving unlike a gentleman. He did worse than that, he behaved like a despicable cad. I feel bound to relate to you the story in order that you may judge whether Sethwell is a fit man to associate with."

The long-legged Saltey gazed beseechingly at Sethwell. "After being twenty years a member," he murmured, "you can't stand this. Shut the bounder up."

"It's useless," responded Sethwell, exactly as though Bleyres were not present. "He has me at the bar of his wrath, and is determined to prove me guilty."

"My fiancée," continued Bleyres, "is, needless to say, a pure and honourable girl. She is quite young—all the more reason, I take it, for a gentleman to treat her with respect. To-night, Sethwell, coming on her suddenly alone—she was in the library searching through a cabinet of music—Sethwell, I say——" He paused for a moment, commanding undivided attention. "He kissed her. Kissed her against her will—violently—using endearing terms."

"Pardon me," corrected Sethwell, "I kissed her gently. I did not use violence."

"Against her will!"

"Yes—perhaps against her will. But she did not object till afterwards."

"You cad! You vile, cowardly cad! A girl not half your age!"

Sethwell bowed. "As you will," he said.

"He said to her," continued Bleyres, "'My darling little girl, there's no one on earth I love like you!' Or words to that effect. The girl was frightened—naturally. She had never seen him more than half a dozen times before. She only left her finishing school a year or so ago."

Bleyres had to stop, to get back control of his voice.

"She ran from him—and told me," he proceeded. "She begged me, like the generous soul she is, not to make any fuss, but simply to request Mr. Sethwell to leave the house. She would not let me tell her parents even. I looked for him to order him out—but he had already gone. There he sits, taking a blackguard's enjoyment in his villainy. . . . Is it true, you cad?" he asked him. "Deny it before these men if you can."

"I am afraid," said Sethwell, with a pleasantry which amounted to insolence, "that the case for the prosecution is overwhelming."

He sat up slowly, and as slowly looked round at the faces of the men who till now had held him in respect.

"In a motley life," he observed, "one must expect to have strange experiences."

The lightness of his tone and the callousness of his attitude produced a temporary painful discomfort. In the silence the waiter approached him, bearing on a tray the sparkling whisky-and-soda. Bleyres turned round and, taking up the glass, flung the contents in Sethwell's face.

"That," he said, "expresses my regard for you."

There was a movement from several of the members, subdued exclamations, a sudden hush.

Sethwell sat rigidly in his chair, gripping the arms so tightly that his knuckles showed white through the skin. His eyes were wide open. The pupils grew narrow, like a cat's.

"I admire your spirit," he said, hoarsely, "but I confess I despise your manners. James, bring me another whisky-and-soda."

He pulled out his handkerchief and proceeded carefully to wipe his face and coat.

"Is that all the retaliation you are capable of?" inquired Bleyres, white to his lips, but polite.

"It is all I desire to make. I will not quarrel with you."

Bleyres turned away, contemptuous in every line of his body. "You see, gentlemen," he said, "You can't do anything with a man like that."

With a significance unmistakable, several turned their backs on Sethwell.

He went on dabbing his coat. A calmness had come over him—a strange calm, which might have concealed a volcano beneath.

"Thanks, James," he said, restoring his handkerchief to his pocket and taking up the second whisky-and-soda. He drank it off at a toss. "Get my hat, will you, James?"

He stood up, stamping on his heels and fingering the back of his collar. Only one man took notice of him—Saltey, who watched him concernedly, with pain and wonder in his eyes.

The waiter brought the articles. Sethwell indifferently got into them. "Good-bye, James," he said, giving the impassive man a sovereign. It was his only sign that he was passing out of the club for ever.

He went down the wide, carpeted stairs to the street, shook his head as a taxi rolled up, and walked along the street hurriedly. Somebody caught him up—fell into stride beside him—showed no disposition to speak.

"Oh, it's you, Saltey," said Sethwell.

No other word passed between them till quite ten minutes had passed. They were walking towards Sethwell's rooms.

"You'd better know the facts," said Sethwell. "That girl's mother—I knew her when she was a girl. She marriedly unhappily. It's the same husband now, but they managed after a bit to patch up some foundation of mutual tolerance. I was at that time the sympathetic friend who heard all the tales of woe. I was intolerably sorry for her and intolerably in love with her. The girl—her daughter—is very much like her in appearance."

"Ah," said Saltey, "I see."

"I don't think you do—quite. I avoided the house for a considerable number of years. Then—well, time cures most things, and I saw no embarrassment in calling. That was when I met the daughter again fresh from school. She did not remember me, of course, not having seen me since an infant.

"I had been drinking last night. I came upon her," Bleyres said, when she was alone in the library. My feelings overcame me. I kissed her. She looked so sweet and dainty and—and so heart-achingly girlish."

"Yes," said Saltey, doubtfully. "We do silly things when we've had a drop over the mark. And, after all, she's engaged to Bleyres, you know. Fond of him, too, I gather—they're engaged to Bleyres, you know. Fond of him, too, I gather—"

"Yes, she loves Bleyres. For that reason"—they reached the door of Sethwell's flat, and, halting, faced each other on the pavement: Sethwell looked lined and haggard—"for that reason I couldn't wish him any harm, no matter what he might say or do to me."

"That was generous," said Saltey, looking happier.

"But I want her myself, Saltey. Unspeakably. Almost agonisedly. She'd perhaps save me. I'm a drinking dissolute swine. . . . I only want her arms round me. Her trust. kisses occasionally. Her frank comradeship. Her love."

"Bleyres will have those things," said Saltey—sternly, because the other's weakness seemed so strange. "You must put her out of your mind. You'll get over it in time."

"I never shall," said Sethwell, choking in the utterance. "They're natural feelings—but the cruelty of the circumstances won't allow them to be satisfied. That girl, Saltey—no one knows it in the world save her mother and myself—that girl, Saltey, is my daughter!"

ONE WAS ENOUGH.

Melville, strolling aimlessly across the golf links, heard a shout of "Fore!" a long way off, but he paid little heed to it. If you cross a fairly popular course, you hear that musical cry more than once. But when the shout was followed by anguished yells, Melville's interest was aroused, and he looked up to see a portly gentleman reclining on the ground some yards off.

"Did you see that?" asked the old chap. "That infernal fellow hit me on the head with his confounded ball!"

"Yes," answered Melville gently. "But, you know, he did shout 'Fore!'"

The other got up and dashed off with surprising swiftness.

"Shouted 'Four,' did he?"—the wind bore back the words: "No, thank you! One was quite enough!"

9th 'CENTRES' COMPETITION

A Bicycle for the Best.

TEN HALF-CROWN CONSOLATION PRIZES.

We have pleasure in offering another bicycle for the best "Centre," and ten half-crown consolation prizes for those which come next in merit.

The phrase from which you must form your "Centre" is "Millions' Bills."

If you examine these words, you will find that the centre letters are "I" and "L" respectively. Now, we want you to form a phrase of two words beginning with "I" and "L" respectively, and bearing some relation in meaning to the phrase given.

The two words may be humorous, serious, or pathetic, whichever you like. For example, your "Centre" might be "Idle Ladies," but don't use that one, for it is only an example.

If you prefer it, the first word may begin with "L" and the second with "I."

Write your "Centre" on the coupon for our 9th "Centres" Competition appearing on page 754, and forward it to "Centres," THE MODERN MAN Office, Westminster Bridge, Strand, London, to reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday, April 2. The result will appear in our issue published on Monday, April 8.

Send as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a penny stamp. If you send two attempts, enclose two stamps; if you send three attempts, enclose three stamps, and so on.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition.

The Editor's decision is final and binding in every respect, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

7th 'CENTRES' COMPETITION RESULT

The phrase set in our seventh "Centres" competition was "Suffragette Tactics." For his phrase, "Assaults Timed," the bicycle goes to Mr. Patrick Corr, 52, Richardson Street, Ravenhill Road, Belfast.

Consolation prizes of half a crown each have been sent to those whose "Centres" came next in merit: Messrs. E. W. Soulsby, 31, Posterngate, Hull; E. H. Carlyon, 7, Albany Road, Harborne, Birmingham; B. J. Sharp, 105, Wynford Road, Barnsbury, N.; Watt, 135, Kirkgate, Leith; J. E. Bennett, 36, Villa Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; A. D. Newcomb, 38, Marlborough Street, Gainsborough; W. J. Frayne, 9, Grosvenor Street, Burnley; J. Price, 78, Malefant Street, Cardiff; T. V. Lane, 2, Burt Terrace, Northern Road, Balham, S.W.; A. Surtees, 14, Hylton Road, South Shields.

A WEEKLY HALF-HOLIDAY

ONE WAY OF SPENDING IT.

It is not always, nor in every place that, especially during the winter months, there is anything much to do on a fine afternoon, when country bankers' clerks and other business employees find themselves in possession of their weekly half-holiday.

The home football team may be playing at an inaccessibly distant place, the weather be too good to waste in a picture-theatre, and the "nothing-to-do" complaint be more than usually rife.

Why not take a good walk to some well-chosen country inn, where wholesome ham and new-laid eggs, sound beer or well-made tea are procurable, with a walk back in the dark to home or lodgings in time for a light supper?

You start off through the shuttered and empty streets, wearing your breeches-suit and stout boots, along the dusty road. The church clock is droning the hour of three through it, too, was affected by the half-holiday spirit. The sun is well to the westward, in another hour he will be behind the hills, but that will give you time, after dark, to achieve the eight miles that lie between you and the "Rest and Be Thankful."

OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

Very soon you are clear of the signs of the town and are striding out briskly between the hedgerows. They are grey and black and russet in hue, but broken here and there by cheerful touches of spring green.

From the stubble-fields alongside the way fly up clouds of larks and buntings as you pass the gate; a yellow-hammer has a cheerful remark for you as you go briskly by.

Pedestrians are few and far between. If the roads are hard and dry, perhaps a cyclist or two will overtake you, bent on a visit to see their friends at a surburban farm-house—half-holiday makers like yourself.

In front of a little cottage, under the wood, a peasant is shovelling out a supply of potatoes from his straw-covered "clamp" at the end of his small holding. Further on, a herd of cows crosses the road towards the byre, a whistling lad, hands in pockets, dog at heel, slowly following.

DUSK AND SUNSET.

Then the dusk begins to draw up on either hand across the meadows. The trees on the eastern hillside are momentarily pencilled with gold, which flashes from the windows of a farmhouse further on. Over your head, with a astonishing noise of wings, flights of starlings are passing towards the big fir plantations where, in their tens of thousands, they spend night after night. A solitary straggler from the rook battalion at the Manor is complaining of his woes to all who listen.

And now it is fairly dark, as you turn the bend of the road that brings you in sight of the village of your choice. A few lights already twinkle in the windows, and very soon your eyes catch the red glow filtering through the blinds of the "Rest and Be Thankful."

The landlord beams as he stirs up the fire in the open grate of the bar-parlour, and you sink into the settle, stretch out your legs, compare the grandfather clock with your watch, and reflect that you have done the eight miles in just under the two hours—fair heel and toe.

VILLAGE WORTHIES.

His wife sends you a smoking meal into "the other room," as she always calls it; but you return to the bar-parlour to smoke your pipes. By this time there is a company of good country folk gathering there. The shepherd and his two collies curled up, with unwinking eyes fixed upon the blaze; the rabbit-trapper with a sackful of bulging ferrets cast into a corner by the door, and at which the collies have already sniffed their fill. A pedlar with a basket-covered basket, reminding you that you broke your last collar-stud but one in the morning, and that you want new laces for your shoes, as always happens when the shops are shut.

The talk is of politics, chiefly; the local Tories, supported by the landlord, talking for your benefit; the local Radicals—who generally have it all their own way—sitting silent over their beer, feeling that they are outnumbered, and may be out-argued if they open their mouths. The pedlar, too, is silent, regarding you—despite your purchases—with slight suspicion. In his mind he confuses conservatism with the conservators of commons where he may no longer camp at nights whence he has been driven to the less congenial comforts of the common lodging-houses in the smaller towns. He drinks his beer and goes out.

You are reminded of the return journey, and after a parting glass with the landlord and paying the landlady for the ham and eggs, you light a fresh pipe, turn up your coat collar, and step out onto the highway.

For a moment it is pitch-dark. Then your eye catches a star overhead and the outlines of the village roofs become visible. It is a fine night, with a nip of frost in the air, and the pools on the road are just beginning to catch over as your stick tells you when you put its ferrule into them. So you step out briskly, feeling the better for tramp and tea, glimpse of the countryside, and chat with the villagers, and settling it in your mind that you will be near enough to the town to hear the church-clock chime the hour of ten, if you can but walk back as fast as you came out.

L. C. R. CAMERON.

CRICKET BAT BLADES.

The blades of cricket bats may be roughly classified as hard and soft, and each variety has its adherents.

The soft blade is undoubtedly the pleasanter to play with, and has, or seems to have, greater driving power. But its life is often short, and this is a serious matter to the man of moderate means.

Apart from that, if you have to discard a bat as worn out, it may be many a long day before you find another to suit you, and until you do, your play and temper will suffer.

Whether hard or soft, the blade should be free from knots, and the grain as straight as possible. It does not much matter whether the grain is close or broad.

Broad grain is more easily attended to than close, which is apt to work up, and is not easily glued down again.

The bulk of the timber should come from five to ten inches from the bottom of the bat.

SOCCER GOSSIP.

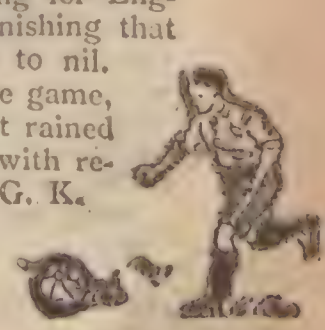
'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LEAGUES.

The Arsenal are a distinctly unlucky team these days. They certainly ought not to have gone down on their own ground before West Bromwich Albion by two goals to nil. But it was the old, old story—youngsters against comparative veterans—and once again the moral was hammered home, that youth will be served. A word of decided praise must be given to Randall, the Arsenal player, who struggled like a Trojan from start to finish to put on goals, and was invariably baulked by muffed passes or some such cause. Another drop in the Arsenal's cup of misfortune was the loss of Winship, who was so badly hurt that he had to be carried off the field.

The draw for the Semi-Final round of the English Cup has decided that Blackburn Rovers are to meet West Bromwich Albion, and Swindon either Barnsley or Bradford City. Enthusiastic Southerners are highly sanguine of seeing Swindon in the Final at the Palace on April 20. Still more daring prophets venture to predict that the contestants on that great day will be Swindon and Blackburn Rovers. After their form against Woolwich Arsenal, however, as mentioned above, I personally am very sweet on the chances of West Bromwich Albion, who are certainly one of the strongest, youngest (in the matter of players' age average), *and* smartest teams in the United Kingdom just now.

The result of the seventh of the series of amateur International matches between England and Holland at Hull last week came as no great surprise to those who knew that Woodward, Berry, and Wright were all playing for England. In fact, it was more than a little astonishing that England did not score more than four goals to nil. The Dutch goalkeeper, Goebel, played a top-hole game, however, dealing with the positive stingers that rained in on him from each English forward in turn with remarkable coolness and great brilliance.

G. K.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

GYMNASTICS.

THEIR PLACE IN PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Since the advent of physical culture in the home, gymnasia have suffered in popularity. Still there are many men who prefer regular gymnastics to what may be called bedroom physical exercise, and not without reason.

A gymnasium is a sociable place, where you may make pleasant acquaintances and friends.

One inherent drawback to home exercising is the absence of supervision, and the danger of doing your "drill" in a perfunctory or incorrect manner, with the result of little or no benefit, and possibly of actual harm. In a gymnasium, on the other hand, there is generally an instructor about.

Then, if you become an expert gymnast, you have a chance of taking part in competitions and displays, providing sport and enjoyment for others besides yourself.

Therefore, I cordially recommend my readers to join a gymnastic club if they can, and I propose from time to time to offer hints to gymnasts, inexperienced and seasoned.

This week we will take the horizontal bar, but first a few general cautions.

If you are new to gymnastics it is highly advisable to have yourself overhauled by a doctor before going in for them. Many gymnastic feats are dangerous to the person who has any organic weakness.

Next be content to go slow. Beginners are apt to injure themselves by attempting difficult and exhausting feats before they have mastered their gymnastic A B C. It is always better to do a simple exercise easily and gracefully than a complicated one awkwardly and strainingly.

Performing "The Lion's Leap."

Look before you leap. It is no use rubbing your shoes on the resin mat, or drying the horizontal bar *after* you have had a nasty slip or tumble.

Having mentioned leaping, let me insist on the importance of always alighting in correct style.

Even if dropping only a short distance, don't forget to land on the toes, to bend the knees outwards, and to keep the head up, while if descending from a considerable height remember to extend the arms at right angles to the body.

HORIZONTAL BAR HINTS.

SPECIAL TIPS AND CAUTIONS.

The general directions for horizontal bar exercises are to keep the back hollow, the feet and legs pressed together and the toes pointed, and well pressed down. Of course, there are exercises where these rules must be varied, as, for instance, Set and Hock Swings, when the toes should be turned up, but these are elementary principles.

As I said the other day in answer to a correspondent, beginners on the horizontal bar are apt to keep the hands too far apart.

When holding the bar in the ordinary way, the hands should not be farther apart than a trifle more than the width of your hips. There are various methods of gripping the bar, but the great thing is to secure a hold which is both comfortable and firm, and the size and strength of your hands will have a good deal to do with the way in which you grip the bar.

For the benefit of those who are fairly expert on the horizontal bar, I here illustrate an effective trick known as the "Lion's Leap."

First come to the "Long Arm Balance." It is best to throw up to this at once, but you must [illegible] by pressing up from the "Short Balance" until the arms are quite straight.

After holding the balance, bend the knees and jump between the hands, and alight, being careful to keep the head up.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

"Walking" (Berwick-on-Tweed).—Yes, it is a good plan, if you are going in for long walking, to smear the feet well with Russian tallow, but be sure that it is absolutely pure. Russian tallow is often adulterated with lime, which is most injurious to the feet.

R. A. J. (Dewsbury).—Thanks for your good wishes. Yes; you should drop your exercises one day a week. The physical culturist requires a weekly day of rest as much as anybody else.

"Anxious" (Scarborough).—Although you are under the physical standard for the Army, probably as you are only eighteen you would be enlisted on probation as likely to improve.

H. J. (Gloucester).—Measurements extremely good.

S. C. (Leicester).—A big biceps is no particular use to a boxer. It is the triceps at the back of the arms that is the hitting muscle. A boxer should avoid exercising with heavy apparatus.

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THE STORY OF A BY-ELECTION

In favour of Johnson

By Robert Overton.

He and I had been rivals all our lives. He is Wilkins and I am Willikins. We were rivals at school for the bottom place in class and the top place in sports and fisticuffs, till the advent of Johnson, who licked us both at the lot—whereupon we retired in his favour.

Later on we were rivals in love, till she eloped with Johnson—whereupon we both retired in his favour. Later on still we were rivals in the cheesemongery and provision line from which we did *not* retire in favour of Johnson, who had settled down (all three of us were townsmen and natives of Benby-on-Sea) as an undertaker.

Nor had we any thought, either of us, of retiring in favour of Johnson from the famous by-election contest at Benby two years ago. It wasn't a common Parliamentary by-election, but one for a seat on the Board of the Town Council.

I thought little or nothing of the rival candidature of Johnson, but as for that of Wilkins—well, we always had been rivals, as I've just said, but never such red-hot, go-to-blazes rivals as over this affair. Benby-on-Sea was divided into two camps—the Wilkinsites and the Willikinsites. Johnson was admittedly nowhere.

"I'll be Councillor Willikins," I declared in the bar-parlour of "The Three Blackbirds," "or Willikins shall perish in the attempt": and it was brought to my knowledge that Wilkins made a corresponding declaration on his part in the bar-parlour of the "The Lion and Key."

Of our two weekly newspapers, one, "The Benby Chronicle," took my side, and printed all my speeches in full; the other, "The Benby-on-Sea Recorder," backed up Wilkins, and printed all *his* speeches in full. It afterwards came to light that the terms were the same in both cases.

At first I had sufficient confidence in the common-sense of my intelligent fellow-townsmen to feel cocksure of winning; then I reluctantly became less certain about it, and towards the end such reports came to my unwilling ears that I had to fear that the benighted blighters were going to return Wilkins. It afterwards came to light that similar reports as to my prospects reached his equally unwilling ears, putting him into the same funk that I had fallen into; but my present concern is with my own funk, and what I did to get out of it.

The time was short; I had become convinced that some desperate move was called for to induce the majority to vote for me, and I resolved to make one. As to the form in which this resolution of mine materialised, the idea (it's nothing to do with anybody where I got it from) was all right; it was only in the working-out, and in consequence of unforeseen and unforseeable circumstances, that it went all wrong.

I'd been reading about heroes, and their popularity, and I thought it out that nothing would go down better with the electors than, say, some heroic rescue performed in their midst; nobody, at all events, for a time, would be so high in popular favour with them as the heroic rescuer. That's what I would make myself—an heroic rescuer. I would float to the top of the poll on a wave of public admiration, and the wave that lifted me should drown Wilkins.

Now it stood to reason that before anybody could be rescued somebody must be in danger. Who should be the somebody? Wilkins himself! He'd serve my purpose better than a dozen better men. I might be able to arrange with the "Chronicle" for special placards—"Chivalrous Rescue by Willikins of a Rival Candidate! Vote for Willikins!" The Town Band would serenade me after business hours on reasonable terms, and between the tunes I would make a speech to the crowd from the front window over the shop, saying that I'd only done my duty, and was sorry I hadn't been able to do it unperceived. I was so completely taken back to find myself made so much of that I could really only, in a few simple words, thank them from my heart for . . . &c. As for having been the means of saving the life of a fellow-creature, I hoped they would understand that they were welcome to a little thing like that at any time. Then I would dab my eyes with a handkerchief as wild shouts arose of "Vote for Willikins!"

What fearful peril was Wilkins to be saved from? A watery grave. To this decision the habit of both of us in one respect lent itself beautifully. Every Thursday afternoon—early closing day—weather and season permitting, he and I went fishing. Not together, for I should have disliked his companionship and he would not have appreciated mine. No; I always fished from the head of the pier, and he from a boat, which had to pass the pier-head going and returning.

Now if that boat (he always had the same boat and the same boatman) were accidentally to get upset under my nose, Wilkins would be floundering in the water, and the fact that I happened to know he could swim nearly as well as myself need never be mentioned.

My gallant plunge to his rescue—"without sacrificing a moment in order to divest himself of a single article of attire," the "Chronicle" could say at prepaid rates—would be dramatic in the extreme. There were always people on the beach and the pier on Thursday afternoon—I should be watched by many eyes as I "struggled with my unconscious burden" (it would be better to describe him as unconscious) "towards the distant shore."

Of course, it would be necessary to arrange with the boatman; but I knew him well, and he was so much in my debt at the shop that half a sovereign ought to be ample, while a little more credit would keep his mouth shut.

I broached the subject to him discreetly—not to say gingerly. He "tumbled" quickly, but was adamantine in stipulating his condition that I "made it a quid." He said he wouldn't undertake the job even at that only he thought he could manage to tip his fare out without overturning the boat and getting wet himself. If so, I bargained, he must not pull to the rescue—reflecting that if he got blamed, his cowardice would be a fine foil to my bravery.

We settled details and fixed the event for the next Thursday. It came. I stood at my usual corner of the pier-head,

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near the edge. I saw Wilkins embark from the beach in his usual boat, in charge of his usual boatman. The minute—the moment—approached.

I was nervous but unfaltering. The boatman looked up at me. I was on the very point of giving him the prearranged signal, when something happened. I was in mid-air, between pier-head and sea. But I knew I hadn't jumped off the former. I was certain I hadn't slipped off. But I *was* off. What had impelled me off?

While I wondered, I struck the water—and there was Wilkins in it too, a few yards away.

Shouting "Be brave—keep calm—I will save you!" I made for him. I grappled with him. He grappled with me.

Drowning men always will clutch at their saviours, and to judge by the way we were clutching and gripping at each other, we were both drowning men. The struggle became a fight, in the course of which kicks were exchanged as well as blows.

The struggling and fighting and plunging continued as I dragged and pushed him towards the shore—or were we dragging and pushing each other? Why did he make such a resistance? Why couldn't he let me save him quietly? Days afterwards I heard the scene most unbecomingly and disrespectfully described as "a sea fight between a walrus and a porpoise."

At last we touched ground. We bumped on it—still all mixed up together. Some boatmen waded in and lugged us up higher, and sorted us out. He swore almost inarticulately at me, and I swore almost inarticulately at him. Then one lot took him away and another lot escorted me off.

The scene wasn't what I had a right to expect, and had expected. However, I did raise a faint cheer as, pointing towards the retreating Wilkins, I spluttered, "Saved! Saved! Thank heaven, I've saved him!" and I found comfort in the thought that the Press would report the event correctly the next day.

It did. At least, the "Benby Chronicle" did, flaming placards and all. It brought out an early special edition, in which the fullest justice was done to the gallant rescue of Wilkins by Willikins.

The "Benby-on-Sea Recorder" also had special (and flaming) placards, and it also brought out an early special edition. The placards proclaimed: "Heroic Rescue of a Rival Candidate by Wilkins! Vote for the Hero next Tuesday!" And inside that mendacious sheet was a detailed account of how, pitching from the pier-head, on which I had been seen lurking for some time (although I was believed by many to have been sober), I had been saved from a watery grave by the gallantry of—Wilkins!—who had flung himself into the waves from a boat and held me up as I was sinking for the third time, and then borne my "unconscious form" to the shore.

It is said that before I had finished reading all this I fainted. . . . Later in the day Wilkins's boatman came to me and said he'd tell me what I ought to know for another quid. The chap had owned up. What chap? The bloke that had sent me flying from the pier into the sea by an accidental shove against me from behind, the accident being prepaid for by Wilkins.

The whole story was over the whole town. The same motives as my motives had inspired my rival to effect my rescue from the same contrived peril as I had arranged to save him from. We were the laughing-stock of Benby-on-Sea. Every detail had leaked out. Our two bribees were glorying in betraying our confidence, at one drink per betrayal.

As for our candidature for election to that vacant seat on the Board of the Town Council, we issued simultaneously but independently an announcement that we had retired in favour of Johnson.

TENCH.

Tench resemble carp in their habits and characteristics, but while it is seldom that carp will bite until the hot weather has set in, tench may be taken in the spring, more especially when it is mild.

Tench are bottom-feeders, and never take on the surface. Worms, either lobworms, brandlings, or marshworms, are best both for ground-bait and the hook, which must be well concealed in the worm.

In shape a tench is rather like a short, fat trout, but in colouring he is olive, with a dusky gold tint, while his glowing, red eyes are unmistakable.

UNIVERSITY HOODS.

ACADEMIC COLOURS — ATTRACTIVE AND OTHERWISE.

What his "colours" are to the athlete, so very [illegible] is the University hood to the student who has [illegible] academic distinction—the outward and visible sign [illegible] success, and a prize worth striving for.

The majority of University hoods are of black silk, and differ only in the colour or material of their lining or edging.

Some, however, are of brighter general hue. The Doctor of Philosophy, for example, is generally condemned to wear a scarlet hood lined with some colour which clashes violently with it. Perhaps this is to test the genuineness of his philosophy.

White fur is a favourite edging, and may be made almost anything, but it seems distinctly hard lines that the Bachelor of Music, and likewise the Bachelor of Arts of the University of Ireland should be compelled to appear in a hood which is officially described as "black-lined rabbit-skin." It is so suggestive of the nursery rhyme of Baby Bunting.

Among hoods that rather take my fancy are the black silk, edged with green silk of the Bachelor of Science of Aberdeen University; the damasked cream-white silk, lined with dark cherry-coloured satin of the Doctor of Music, Cambridge; the black silk, with orange silk lining of a tint nearest the red end of the spectrum of the D. Phil. of St. Andrew's; and the old gold satin, edged with fur of the Bachelor of Letters, University of Durham.

But it strikes me as outrageous to make a [illegible] Divinity walk about in a hood of scarlet cloth, lined pink and violet shot silk as they do at Cambridge, [illegible] green silk, lined with crushed strawberry, of the M[illegible] Arts, University of Sheffield, sounds a trifle "ladylike."

I have no idea what "scarlet cassimere" may be, it is the foundation of several of the Durham University hoods.

It might, perhaps, alleviate the pangs of a visit to the dentist if he were to wear his hood, always assuming him to be entitled to one, for I think only four universities give dental degrees—namely, those of Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, and Manchester.

Of course, a dentist may also be a qualified doctor, in which case he would have a hood. By the way, would it add to the brightness of things if doctors were to wear their hoods when going their rounds, but perhaps the fur edging would harbour microbes, and I am not sure that if I were feeling rather jumpy I should care to be visited by a doctor wearing the scarlet, violet-lined hood of the M.D. of London University.

C. G. SMITH.

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Moving Yarns

"Chinstrap" in his Anecdotage.

I am moving house and I daresay a good many of you are in the same predicament.

Don't be alarmed. I am not going to bore you with a description of the well-known agonies of changing your shell, though I take leave to remark that the carpets are already up and that if I have trodden on one upturned tin-tack, I have trodden on half a hundred, and I am pretty sure I am going to have lockjaw.

However, the disturbance in my household reminds me of the infinitely greater cataclysm of a regimental move.

I dare say things are not so bad now when many messes are permanently furnished by Government, but it was Hades in the old days when you took your furniture with you.

This was more especially the case if your C.O. was of the jumpy sort.

My first one was, and I shall never forget my first move under his command.

An Electric Atmosphere

He began getting excited about three weeks beforehand, and for six days before the final one he had, on an average, three apoplectic fits per diem.

Life distinctly was not worth living, and even senior captains took to skulking round the nearest corner when they saw, or rather heard, the C.O. on the horizon. As for us subalterns, a yellow dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail had a peaceful time of it compared with us.

All the buglers got cracked lips by blowing the Officers' Call—"Officers come and be damned, officers come and be da-amned," I can hear it now—and he insisted on our having everything packed up and carted on to the barrack square three days before the move.

As even the C.O. realised that we would hardly be expected to sleep on the floor, we were given permission to lie at an hotel.

Unfortunately, we all overslept ourselves the first morning and returned to barracks about 9 a.m. The C.O. had been waiting to see us since 6 o'clock, and heaven knows what would have happened had not his particular pet, who, although he was the C.O.'s favourite, was a very good chap, been among the culprits.

Something Went Wrong.

As it was, we had some forty minutes of "Gentlemen, you are not supporting me," and were confined to barracks till the last day.

I fear we were rather pleased when, despite the C.O.'s elaborate arrangements, something went wrong, and most of the baggage was left behind.

Regimental moving is often complicated by the fact that the incoming regiment sometimes arrives while you are preparing to take wing, and you have to be their hosts.

In the old days at least, this meant a three or four-days' razzle-dazzle, for it was a point of honour to do the new-comers well.

On the last night by which time they had begun to get settled, they had you to a farewell dinner, and did their level best to send you on board the train or trooper blandly indifferent to things mundane.

Sometimes, however, all is not good fellowship between outgoing and incoming regiments.

Certain regiments have long-standing feuds between themselves, and when, as may easily happen, one relieves the other, there is usually trouble—free fights between the men and "nasty remarks" in the officers' mess.

The private citizen moves without pomp and circumstance—sometimes, indeed, he does not wish to call any attention at all to his flitting—but all the local world turns out to see a regiment go, and it is an experience not easily forgotten.

The cheering crowds, the haunting strains of "The girl I left behind me," the ordered bustle and confusion, the last leave-takings, some merry, more sad, all combine to stir even a hardened cynic. And when you are moving to the front on active service, then you need not be ashamed of yourself if you have to blow your nose uncommonly hard when train steams out or trooper casts off from the quay.

You needn't be a coward if the question uppermost in your mind is, "Shall I ever see them again?"

Personally, the first time I went on active service, I had no time to be morbid. I got back late for mess one evening to be told that the Chartered Company, then having trouble with the Matabele, was willing to borrow my valuable services, and that if willing to go I must start in an hour's time.

Of course, I was willing, and all that remains to me of starting for the front is a confused memory of much pink wine in the mess, the band playing me and my party to the station, loud and prolonged cheers, and an awful head next morning.

When Tommy Moves.

Tommy Atkins enjoys moving, for, as I have told you before, he is in some ways a lovable child, and children, of course, revel in the excitement and topsy-turvydom of moving.

Besides, he is in the picture when changing quarters. Even a detachment of half-baked recruits do not leave a depot without the band—or rather the buglers and drummers, for, of course, depots do not have bands—blowing and beating them to the station, and although the "rookie" may feel a little qualmish about the pit of his stomach, he bucks up and throws a chest as he marches through the barrack gate, the observed of all observers, and thoroughly conscious of the fact.

He is going out into the world to become a man with the help of the sergeant-major, and the passers-by give him a kindly glance.

As for the seasoned soldier, he is an optimist for all his grousing, and shifting camp always means to him the probability of finding that rich widow who is going to succumb to the irresistible fascination of his carefully-trained and well-oiled "quiff."

"Chinstrap."

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

HOUSES OF BONDAGE.

A SUGGESTION TO LANDLORDS.

The cry has gone up from the landlord—whether he be the owner of streets of houses or of a couple of villas—that good tenants are hard to get.

People are ever on the move, these property-owners complain; and when people move others are a long time coming in to take their places. Moreover, they sometimes move in a hurry, taking their goods with them, and leaving no trace behind. "Most respectable people," said a landlord to me the other day, "sometimes do this."

Another complaint is that the wall-papers that suited one tenant are apt to give the next tenant a headache, if nothing worse, and then more expense is incurred in renewals.

There is much truth in this wail from the landlords, but if only they would treat their tenants as human beings in one or two important respects, instead of regarding them as mechanical rent-payers, there would be less to complain of on both sides.

The lease system, to get at the root of the matter, is the stumbling-block in the way of both landlords and tenants. The truth is that nobody likes to be bound down to take a certain house and live in it for three or five years.

After nine months of occupation, they have probably seen other houses they think they would like just as well, and for the remainder of their lease they are only waiting till the time is up, and they can be off to the next house. The very idea of being bound to live in a certain house for some years is, in this restless age, more than human nature can stand.

On the other hand, the man who has a house on a quarterly tenancy is much more likely to stay for many years in the same house. He knows he can practically go when he likes, and the consequence is that he is never in a hurry to go.

He looks round at other houses—even makes a hobby of it—and sees some he likes and others he dislikes; but he has time to turn things over in his mind, and he comes to the conclusion that he might "go farther and fare worse." And so from quarter to quarter he stays on in the same house, always happy in the knowledge that "I can move when I like," but keeping that freedom for an emergency.

R. Featherstone.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—Editor.)

Although the coal strike dominates the situation to a considerable extent, prices keep fairly firm, and as soon as this incubus is out of the way we shall have booming times on the Stock Exchange.

Holders of Home Railway stocks need not be alarmed at the decreases in weekly traffics now being recorded, as there will be a corresponding decrease in expenses owing to the number of trains not running and the fact that the trains now in use, both passenger and freight, are carrying double loads at one cost. Moreover, non-perishable goods not being carried now will be carried later on.

The American market is booming again, and there is every evidence that the big people on the other side are working on the "bull tack." The market leaders, Steels, Amalgamated Copper, and Unions, have all enjoyed good rises, and the fears of a coal strike on the other side do not seem to frighten Wall Street operators.

Canadian Pacifics and Eries have had a substantial rise on the renewed rumours that some arrangement will be made between the two boards for a working agreement which will enable the Canadian Pacific practically to link up with New York.

The outlook in Mexico has not improved during the week, as the rebels are reported to have shot one of the Federal Generals, and stocks in this market have suffered in consequence.

I trust those of my readers who are interested in the Tin Market took my warning and their profits. The set-back which has taken place has made the position healthier, but readers must still be careful not to pay attention to circulars advising purchases of tin shares, as in most cases the senders of these only wish to take advantage of the present boom to unload rubbish of no value whatever.

Rubber and Oil shares have been good, principally the latter, and no doubt the coal strike is a helpful factor here. Kaffirs and Rhodesians have had a decided set-back.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

T. H. (Carnarvon).—Yes; I think you may safely average.

T. J. H. (Bristol).—Generally considered quite good.

G. P. (Strabane).—While I cannot go so far as to advise averaging, I think there is a fair chance of improvement and should not cut the loss.

L. E. (Newbury).—There is a fairly free market in the shares, but quotations are rather wide, and your better plan will be to fix a limit when giving instructions to your broker.

H. D. (Belfast).—There seems to be very little risk in buying Home Rails as a speculation at the present level, providing you put up a substantial margin—say, up to 5 per cent.

G. S. (Exeter).—I should rather advise your giving for the "call" at the end of June, the cost of which would be about 10s. per share; you would then know the extent of your liability.

"Ready" (Plymouth).—I think your present holding is preferable to the suggested exchange.

R. J. (Dowlais).—Quite in order, as a bear you are liable for the dividend—less tax.

"Aaron" (Aberdeen).—Hold Nos. 3 and 4; the others I should clear at anything like cost.

The Financial Editor.

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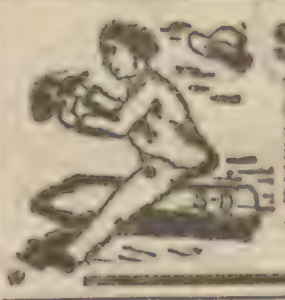

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

OFF THE CHART

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The friend of all Nor'sea, a man of serenity and Harris tweeds, looked into the smoke-room of the little fishing town's one hotel.

The young man in the blue jersey, peak cap, and nautical rig coughed uncomfortably.

"What's your complaint, Richard?" asked the friend of all Nor'sea, nodding significantly at Richard's empty tankard.

"Why, I'm like a fish out o' water, sir. This ain't my haunts where all you toffs come to. But it's like this—I ain't goin' down to Mrs. Jenkinson's at the 'Jolly Sailors' no more until March the seventh, nineteen-thirteen. I 'ad made the resolution, and I'm a-goin' to stick to it.

"Your health, sir. And drunk it is, sir, by a man what don't like 'avin' 'is 'ead bit off. Mark you, sir, 'e won't 'ave it bit off, either, by any lydies in the world, 'owever much they may think o' their frizzy-'aired selves, 'owever much they may paint up their faces an' reckon as we sea-farin' chaps don't know rooge from the natural bloom of health. Nor they won't kid to me no more, neither, that their mother was a lady and they was out to work cause they got bored ('boah-ed,' *she* says) at home and couldn't abear the attentions o' the young aristocrat what runned after 'em. Nor shall I buy 'em no more beautiful plush an' real ivory 'and-coloured flower cards (all done up with a dark green silk cord, too!) for their birthday." He took a large drink. "The fact is, sir, Jessie, Mrs. Jenkinson, *and* the 'Jolly Sailors' are ticked off Richard Bett's chart until March the seventh, nineteen-thirteen.

"No, sir, it wasn't what Jessie said. The nasty conveyin' way she brought it out is what beat me.

"True I 'ad been kickin' up a bit of a shindy, true I 'ad used the loose legs o' one o' the chairs as a poker for the bar-parlour grate, true I'd left it in to make the little bit o' cinder dust kid to its little self it was a *fire*—them words I believe. An' they'd took away the proper poker so as you couldn't get a blaze.

"I admit all my transgershuns, free as the birds in the air, I do. But there was no call for Jessie to flounce into the bar-parlour in the highty-tighty way she did.

"She could ha' put 'er complaint in a different tone o' voice than 'Richard Betts, you're no gentleman, and you know nothin' about the present price o' coal, or you wouldn't do as you're doin'. And look 'ow you're burnin' that leg!'

"I said 'Jessie,' I said, 'or Miss Markham, rather,' says I. 'You're talking out of your hat, you are. And that accounts for that there poor parrot's 'ead bein' on your new Sunday best millinery I s'pose,' I says, very nasty. 'Coal, I know, is forty bob a ton. I could buy you a beautiful o' chairs like what there is in this 'ere bar for one week's hire and a glass o' bitter. So this 'ere is economy,' says I.

"And then she pulls the leg out o' the fire, and gets enraged 'cause she happened to burn 'erself a little bit.

"And pumpity-pump as ye like, back she goes to the bar.

"So I gets hold of a couple o' them round Worthington bedsteads an' thinks 'All right, m'lady,' thinks I. And I bowls 'em along the floor. The fust 'un copped 'er a crack on the ankle, so she yelled. An' the second one rang the bell right on 'er pet corn.

"And then our respected landlady, Mrs. Jenkinson, comes out o' the privit room, flappin' all wings, and as full as an old hin bustin' out from a coop.

"'You inhuman monster,' says she to me.

"I tell ye they had some pet names for me that night 19 March the seventh. I've marked the date.

"'You ought to 'ave corns y'rself,' she says, 'and then you'd know 'ow it felt. There's Jessie a-howlin' 'er head out with the pain in my privit room,' she says.

"'Well,' says I, 'I reckon I should 'ave corns if I was to tip my toes up in tight boots to kid to people I 'ad small feet, same as Jessie does. I should expect to 'ave 'em, and as many,' says I, 'as you've got warts on your 'ands, Mrs. J.'

"She *'as* got some, too. That's 'er affliction, y'know.

"'You impudent feller,' she says, says she. 'You can keep out of 'ere. It ain't the first time I've told ye,' she says.

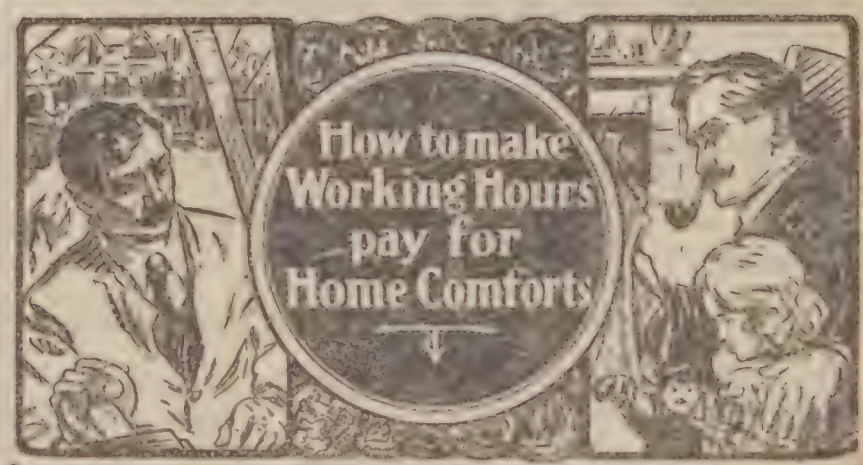
"'It'll be the last for a year,' says I. 'You look at your calingder. This is the seventh day o' March, nineteen-twelve,' I says. 'I will come in so as you can ask my forgiveness for your unlady-like language on March the seventh, nineteen-thirteen.'"

Speaking thus nobly, Mr. Richard Betts waved a tragic hand in the direction of the calendar on the mantelpiece that marked the date as March the eighth.

The friend of all Nor'sea looked on him as a hero, saw him sternly refusing to go to Mrs. Jenkinson's with his friends and drink of the best mild in the town.

Mr. Richard Betts dropped to a more commonplace plane of existence.

"By the way, sir," said he, "thank you for puttin' in a word for me with the Anty Podes Steamship Company. I'm sailin' termorrer from Gravesend, and I don't reckon to be back in these parts much afore this time next year."



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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. C. P. (Leamington).—The Billiards Control Club rule in regard to misses is as follows: "A player may not make two misses in successive innings, unless he or the opponent scores after the first miss, or a double baulk intervenes."

"Bernard" (Westminster).—Telephonists are accepted for the Royal Engineers. They must be able to read fluently, and write correctly and rapidly from dictation, and have had practical experience of telephone work. Men who have been merely employed as labourers on telephone construction work are not wanted.

M. J. (Watford).—As already stated in THE MODERN MAN, a boxer is entitled to the services of two seconds only.

P. D. (Portobello).—Our Mr. Hill has explained more than once that an Army officer below the rank of captain is not addressed by it, either verbally or in writing. A naval lieutenant is "Mr." in conversation but may be addressed as "Lieut. So-and-So, R.N." in writing.

C. T. R. (Buxton) asks if it is true that there is a regiment in the British Army the officers of which have no mess uniform. Yes, the Corps of Guides, Indian Army, the officers of which are supposed always to be ready to start on active service.

F. M. (Brighton).—The Amateur Golf Championship was instituted in 1886 on the initiative of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club. The first winner was Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson.

R. K. (Leeds).—Liver is good for dogs, but only occasionally. Too much of it will cause stomach troubles.

E. S. W. (Lowestoft).—The bride's father or other guardian provides the carriages to take her and the bridesmaids to the church, but you have the privilege of paying for the carriage in which you and she return from the church, and also the carriage for going away.

"Tom" (Greenock).—He needs a lang spune who sups with the deil. Change your toddy.

G. S. L. (Purley) says that when out walking with his best girl the other day her garter came down on to the pavement so that he could not help seeing it, and asks what he should have done in the circumstances. Pass along there, please, pass along.

"Charles" (Brentford).—Light-weight is 9st 9lb and under; welter-weight 10st 7lb and under; light heavy-weight 12st 7lb and under; heavy-weight, any weight. A challenge belt must be held for an unbroken period of three years, or won three times, not necessarily consecutively, to become the absolute property of the holder.

R. T. (Yarmouth), **F. C. H.** (Lymington), **T. G. A.** (Aldershot), **H. A.** (Birmingham), **C. McD.** (Dundee), **E. E. N.** (Ryde), **J. F.** (Worksop).—Our thanks to you.

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The League Badge Actual Size.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Algernon Augustus Noodletop was hungry, so he s... his monocle firmly between the bridge of his nose and ... left eyebrow and looked round for a restaurant. He fo... one and went in.

Observing, of course, that this was a customer of great distinction, the head waiter moved forward with as much haste as his dignity would allow, and placed the menu in front of Algernon, pointing out the most attractive dishes in glowing terms.

"*Paté de volaille à la Dégoutante?*" he sugg... "*Salmi de faisan . . . ?*"

"No," said Algernon decisively. "Just bring me a glass of sherry and a dry biscuit.'

"I'm sorry, sir," he announced acidly, "but we have no dry biscuits."

"Oh, all right," said Algernon cheerfully. "Bring a wet one, I'll wipe it."

WHEN HARRY RANDALL FELT WRATH.

Harry Randall tells this story against himself. Some years ago he became enamoured of golf—he is a pretty useful player now—and joined a club.

One day he took part in a "foursome" with two clergymen and a doctor, and after the game they walked together to the station.

Suddenly round a corner came three swea... figures walking hard. One was very obviously a pro... sional pugilist of the old, but fast disappearing, ... nosed, bullet-headed type out for a training walk.

As they came abreast, the pugilist caught sig... Harry Randall, darted across the road, and, seizing ... by both hands, exclaimed loudly:

"What? Me old pal 'Arry Randall. Well, I h... to see yer. 'Ow are yer, 'ow are yer?"

The parsons and the doctor walked on, noses in the ... and when Harry eventually rejoined them the atmosphere was decidedly chilly.

As Harry says, it was really rough on him, for he had only met the pugilist once in his life—at the National Sporting Club, when they had been introduced and exchanged two or three words.

THE BEST GARDEN GUIDE.

At the present season of the year, when ev... taking a keen interest in the garden, a good han... indispensable. There are many expensive ones, ... to beat that which costs only twopence, and is ... "One and All Gardening," edited by Mr. Edward ... Greening.

The subjects dealt with in this interesting book, ... consists of 128 pages, embrace not only the cultivation of flowers and vegetables, but also include such articles as bee-keeping in small gardens, fowls of the air, and other interesting topics, beautifully illustrated with photographs.

The book is to be had at all railway bookstalls.

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SAVING YOUR MACHINE.

Just as some men will hack out a suit in a few weeks, while others will keep it in good trim for as many months, so there are wheelmen who will hack out a bicycle, even though the roads on which they travel are in good condition.

Turning corners at a high speed is very hard on the tyres, and so is stopping suddenly.

Applying the brakes too quickly tends to strain the wheel and to put the rim out of the true.

In ascending steep hills, there is an art in pedalling evenly and steadily, and thus preventing any undue strain upon the machine. If, as many cyclists do, you yank your mount up the hill with violent jerks, you strain both the chain and the pedals.

A bicycle that is badly treated and over-strained is never a pleasant mount, for, though it may not be possible to locate the exact spot which has become weak, there is a general feeling of slackness and unreliability which makes neither for comfort nor for safety.

STUDYING CATALOGUES.

The cyclist would do well to study the catalogues of the leading makers, and especially those pages of them devoted to accessories.

Bicycles have been brought to such perfection that comparatively few improvements are possible in them, but in the matter of accessories there are constantly being introduced new inventions, many of which are very useful.

Lamps are constantly being improved, both in reliability and in economy of consumption.

Various accessories in the matter of cycling dress are also to the fore this season, such as improved trouser clips.

CARRYING THINGS ON CYCLES.

Another class of invention which you will find in the dealer's list consists of improved means for carrying things on cycles.

The golfer now can have a special bag fitted to the front of the frame for the convenient transport of his clubs, while the tennis-player is also provided for in the matter of his racket and the Territorial can purchase suitable clips for his rifle.

Where you do not care to go to the expense of these special contrivances, or where you suddenly find yourself in need of them without being able to buy them, you must fix up a substitute with straps or string, and engineer it according to what ingenuity you possess. An important point is to see that the article carried shall not work loose or rattle upon the frame, and there should also be placed between it and the enamel of the bicycle either a piece of rag or wad of paper, to prevent the possibility of scratching.

NIGHT CYCLING.

No matter how well you know the roads you are traversing, it is always unwise to ride fast at night. Country roads in this respect are almost as dangerous as city streets. Rabbits are one source of danger. Sometimes, dazzled by the light of your lamp, they become confused and hesitate in the middle of the road just long enough for you to get your wheel entangled with them.

Rails which cross the road—tramlines, sunk railway lines, and rails from quarries and mines to their rubbish-heaps—are especially dangerous as night. However carefully they may have been laid in the first instance, the road soon sinks down and leaves them protruding a fraction of an inch above its surface, and ready to trap every unwary cyclist who may encounter them.

Perhaps the greatest source of danger, however, is the inadequate illumination of parts of the road that are under repair. A piece of road which has been newly macadamised but which has not yet been blinded with sand may be quite safe for horsed traffic, but the cyclist who rides suddenly upon a stretch of it at high speed will inevitably come a cropper.

D. J. Leighton.

A FREE AMUSEMENT.

Gently leading by the hand her little baby brother Arnold, twelve-year-old Agnes Euphemia Ragg approached the railway booking-office.

"Please," she asked, with childish timidity, "can you tell me when the next train goes to Littlepool-in-Mudd?"

"Two-thirty-five," answered the booking-clerk. "Want a ticket?"

"No, fank you," said Agnes Euphemia, and moved away.

Half a minute later she was back with the same question.

"Look here!" shouted the now thoroughly angry clerk, "why on earth do you keep on pestering me?"

"Please," said Agnes Euphemia, gently, "it's becos my little bruvver *loves* to see your face bob up behind that cage, like. He says it reminds him so of the Zoo!"

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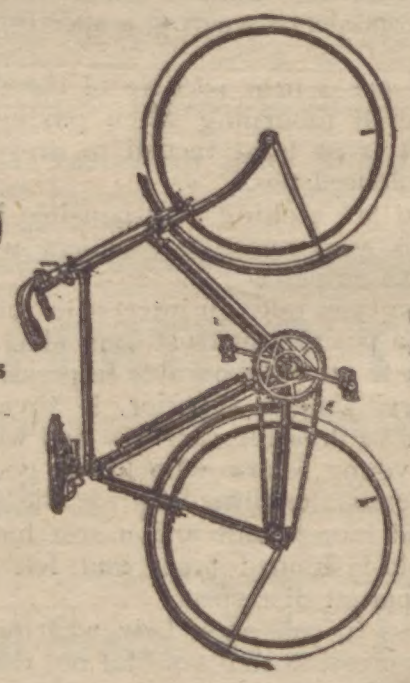

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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE FIRST OF THE DANDIES.

I have seen him—the first of the dandies to sport the extreme of spring fashion in lounge suits.

If he had a face rather like an anæmic Bath bun, he was quite a joy.

His suit was brown, a russet brown—the last colour, by the way, that he should have worn with his complexion. His coat was long, with voluminous skirts, and shaped close in to the waist. His trousers were of the peg-top pattern greatly exaggerated, so that his hips had a womanish appearance. Indeed, he reminded me of a music-hall feminine male impersonator, or of a ballet girl in opera bouffe masculine attire.

Still, I am bound to say that the whole effect was by no means bad, and he was so obviously pleased with himself that I conceived a sneaking regard for him.

I have, however, visions of multitudes of summer men—there are summer girls, why not also summer men?—in cheap, ill-cut peg-top trousers, and tight-waisted, deep-skirted coats.

Unless you can afford to go to a first-class tailor, and are prepared to give away your peg-top suits at the end of the season, I advise you to steer clear of the new fashion, or to adopt it in a very modified and unobstrusive form, for the peg-top will not spin for long.

Any marked fashion is always copied by the cheap tailor, generally with results that kill it for the well-dressed man.

TACTFUL DRESSING.

I need hardly insist on the importance of making a good impression or the big share clothes have in creating one, but some men are strangely tactless in dressing for special occasions.

For instance, a reckless friend of mine recently had a bankruptcy petition filed against him, and turned up for his public examination not only beautifully dressed, but wearing a diamond pin, jewelled links, and a gold watch and chain.

When he left the Court the Official Receiver had the pin, the links, and the watch and chain, while my friend was the proud possessor of the pip.

This is an extreme example, but there are men who will pay a visit of condolence wearing a sporting suit and a flaming tie.

Unless you are a near relative of the deceased, there is no need to be in mourning when paying a visit of condolence, but it is at least tactful to dress soberly, and to avoid bright-coloured ties.

Then if you are seeking a responsible business position, it is unwise to wear sporting jewellery when interviewing your prospective employer.

The fact that you take an interest in racing by no means unfits you for a position of trust, but advertising your tastes may easily create an unfavourable impression.

When interviewing a superior, it always pays to show respect for him by dressing carefully and well.

I know a young fellow who lost a good post the other day simply because he turned up for the decisive interview wearing an old lounge suit and a soft hat. The employer was of the old-fashioned type, and felt affronted by the applicant's apparent disrespect.

It is tactless to call on a lady wearing a Norfolk suit. It gives the impression that you did not think her worth the trouble of changing for.

The tactful man, when paying social or business calls, contrives to convey in his dress that he has taken extra pains with his toilette out of compliment to the person called on.

At the same time, it is easy to be tactlessly over-dressed.

Suppose, for instance, that you are president of a working men's cricket club, it would be very tactless to attend the annual dinner wearing evening dress. The tactful man when going to a social function dresses so that he should not be different from everybody else.

Tactless dressing often shows ignorance of social usages. To go boating in anything but flannels makes people wonder where you have been dragged up, while to attend a formal

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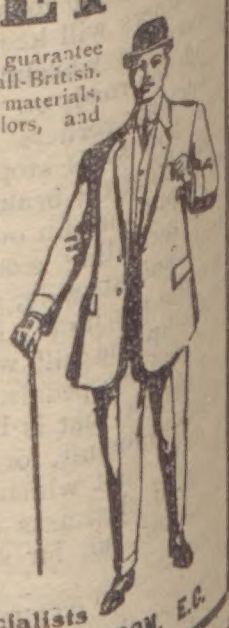

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dinner party or a dance wearing a dinner-jacket equally exposes you to criticism.

Always try to suit your attire to your company and environment, keeping town clothes for town and country clothes for the country.

THE NEW GREYS.

Many of the new greys for spring and summer have a distinct purplish tinge. They are attractive, but, as I remarked in a previous article, florid or fresh-complexioned men should avoid purple, and stick to genuine greys.

Even in these, however, there is this season more than one shade.

Browns have a distinct red or copper tinge, and some of the best patterns have a narrow diagonal stripe. But brown does not suit everybody.

BUTTON BOOTS.

A reader of these notes asks whether I consider button boots effeminate. Not in the least. They are correct wear in town with frock or morning dress. They are permissible with tweeds, more especially dark tweeds, but they should not be worn with flannels or in the country.

Button boots must be very well made, otherwise they look slovenly.

Ready-made button boots are rarely satisfactory. Of course, you may light on a pair that fit perfectly, but, as a rule, the buttons have to be altered, and the result is seldom satisfactory.

The objection to button boots is that they begin to look shabby sooner than lacing boots. They "go" at the buttonholes, and once this happens the boot is practically done for.

Also the buttons come off. Of course, you can have them replaced, but perhaps you forget, and nothing looks more slovenly than a boot with a button missing.

I have, of course, been speaking of black buttoning boots. Brown button boots are simply horrible. I can't explain why, but there is something objectionably effeminate about *them*.

HIGHLAND DRESS.

A correspondent wishes to know the cost of Highland dress. Not altogether an easy question, for on Highland dress—or, at least, its accessories in the way of brooches, dirks, buttons, skean-dhus, and so on—a man may spend almost anything.

Let us take, however, the dress tartan. This will cost over £20, the bill being as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Kilt (8yds. of material)	4	14	6
Coat and waistcoat	7	7	0
Sporran	3	14	6
Skean-dhu	1	1	0
Hose	0	12	6
	£17	9	6

To this may be added five guineas for the plaid, though the plaid is only worn in very full dress; total, £22 14s. 6d.

Then he will require the undress or hunting tartan for everyday wear—items:

	£	s.	d.
Kilt	4	14	6
Coat and waistcoat	5	5	0
Sporran	2	2	0
Hose	0	6	6
Glengarry	0	6	6
	£12	14	6

This takes no account of brooches, dirk, special buttons, nor of evening dress shoes with silver buckles and brogues for everyday wear.

In round figures, and without any extravagance in the way of ornaments, a Highland outfit will cost about £50.

I think I am correct in saying that the uniform of a Highland officer costs the best part of £200.

But Highland dress, if expensive to begin with, lasts practically for ever, always looks well, and, Saxon though I be, I must confess that there is no dress more becoming to the man who *is* a man.

CAVALRY FACINGS.

A correspondent says he has been having an argument over cavalry facings, and asks if he is correct in contending that cavalrymen do not wear facings?

No, he is wrong. Some cavalry regiments have facings, others have not.

Hussar regiments do not wear facings, properly understood, but one or two of them have collars of a different hue from the rest of the coat. For example, the uniform of the 13th Hussars is blue, with buff collar. As a rule, however, Hussar regiments are distinguished by the colour of their busby-bag and plume.

The Life Guards have blue facings and the Royal Horse Guards red, while Dragoon and Lancer regiments wear facings.

The 7th Dragoon Guards are the only cavalry regiment with black facings, hence their nickname of "The Black Horse."

Between twenty and thirty years ago, the Government, for reasons best known to themselves, tried to do away with facings, or at least distinctive facings, in the infantry.

With the exception of Royal regiments, which with sundry exceptions wear blue facings, and a few specially favoured corps, all Line regiments were ordered to wear white facings.

This edict, however, gave rise to so much bitterness that it was eventually rescinded, and regiments got back their distinctive facings, which in many cases are indissolubly linked with their history.

The buff facings of the "Buffs" (East Kent Regiment) are, of course, well known, as are the dark green facings of the Cameronians.

The Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment is, I believe, the only infantry corps with scarlet facings, while the Devonshire Regiment, oddly enough, has facings of Lincoln green, but the "Springers"—that is, the Lincoln Regiment—if my memory serves me, wear yellow.

Highland regiments, unless "Royal," wear yellow facings, while the Rifle Brigade is the only infantry corps to sport black facings.

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